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Focus 27

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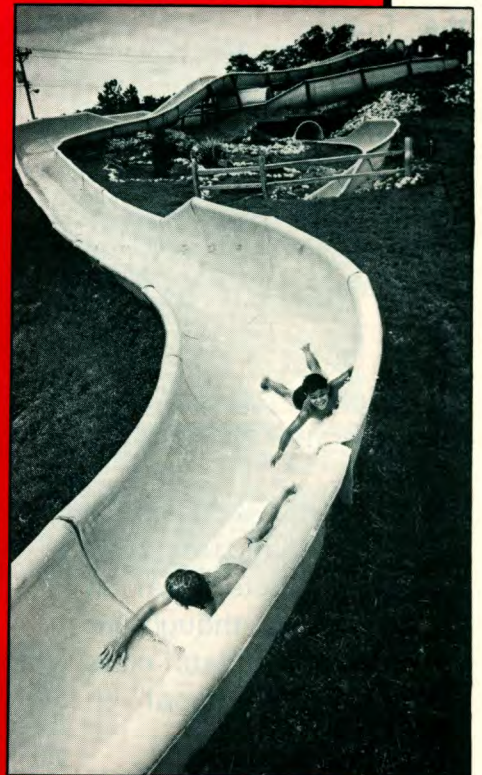
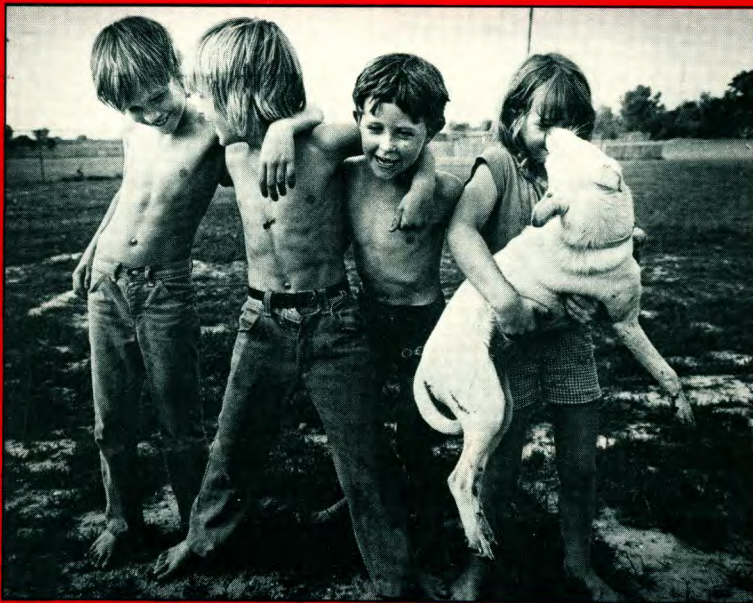
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Focus

Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville
October, 1981 / Number 27

Games kids play . . .



Photographs by Ed Sedej

The Vizer Eye

Tim Vizer, a former journalism student at SIUE, is now a photojournalist for the Sunday Courier and Press in Evansville, Ind.

These pages are examples of his work.

Upper left: An elderly wheelchair-bound woman greets someone at her front door.

Upper right: This track winner at the Special Olympics never runs out of determination.

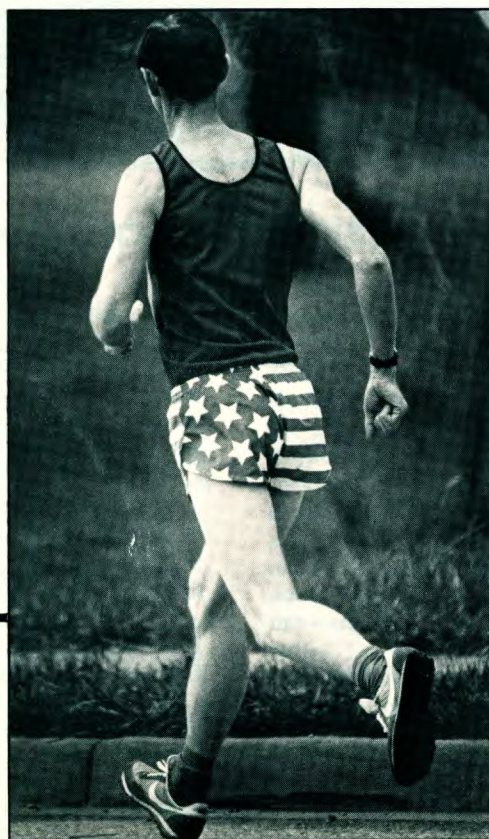
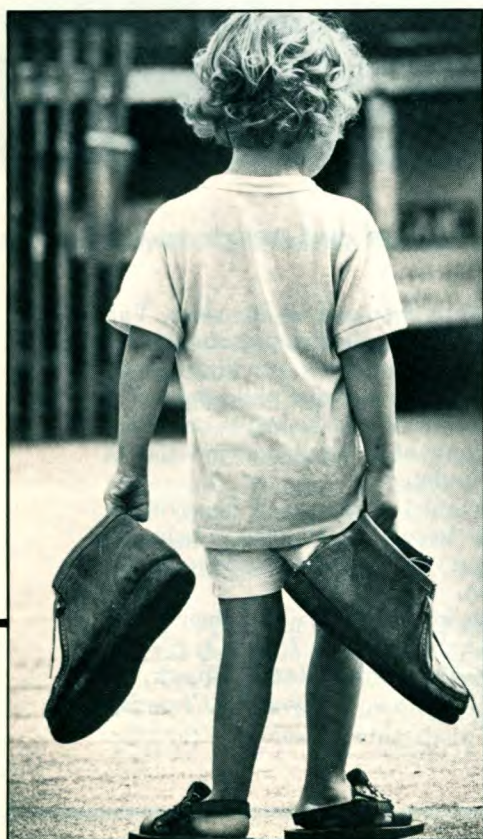
Lower left: Quarterback Jim Chapman of Harrisburg, Ill., gets a pat on the back even though his team lost the state class AAA football meet in Bloomington.

Center left: Six hands from Indiana University and Iowa State grab for the ball.

Center right: A child at a music festival searches for the owner of misplaced boots.

Far right: A runner with patriotic shorts paces along a 10,000-meter race.







Leonard Van Camp, director of the SIUE Concert Chorale, trains hearts and minds as well as voices

Leonard Van Camp, professor of music, walked into the classroom five minutes before his concert chorale rehearsal was to begin. As he chatted with students, his eyes often sought the clock on the wall.

Ten seconds before 11:30 a.m., Van Camp's countdown began. Anyone not in place got there—fast. As the chorale members chanted, “Three, two, one,” Van Camp shouted, “Places! Go!”

The chorale immediately started its warm-up exercises. And anyone who had not made it to his place warmed up where he stood. Heaven help those who were absent without permission.

Van Camp directs his concert chorale like George Patton commanded his troops. He demands obedience, discipline and above all, loyalty to the cause.

Always dressed in a coat and tie for class, Van Camp has a strong, almost authoritarian personality. He looks out for his students' best interests, but his intensity alienates some people. He has a definite philosophy that he often shares with the chorale and he insists on a high standard of behavior. Some of his students view this as caring; others feel manipulated.

“He's very concerned that you're happy with yourself and what you're becoming. He tries to help you become the person you want to be,” said chorale member Dave Anderson.

“He molds people into what he wants them to be; if you're not willing to be molded, as I wasn't, it's difficult,” said former chorale member Randy Mundt.

“He wants you to be a squeaky-clean Christian with an angel voice.”



Leonard Van Camp



Leonard Van Camp directs SIUE choir with the touch of a philosopher-general-saint

Story by Kathy Hill

Photographs from University News Service.

And then there is Van Camp's perspective. "I am interested in developing people," Van Camp said. "I work at trying to help them grow individually and collectively."

Van Camp works on his students' vocal—and attitude—development during the daily concert chorale rehearsals Monday through Thursday from 11:30 to 12:30 a.m. These rehearsals are worth one credit hour. Chorale members are expected to attend every rehearsal unless they have called Van Camp and given him an excuse.

Van Camp has his reasons for such a policy. "Some people might think I'm mean and cantankerous, but I'm interested in the people, and if they've got a problem, I want to know about it. The group can't function without everybody being there and without everybody

being accounted for, so that's the rule I have. And people break the rule at their own peril. They can get away with it for a little while, maybe, but not for long. I want them to have a great choir to sing in, and they can only have one if everybody comes everyday and does what they're supposed to do."

Even a Van Camp loyalist like past chorale president Kurt Engbretson thinks that 100 percent attendance is too much to demand. Engbretson said the Mormon Tabernacle Choir requires only 85 percent attendance from its members. Some chorale members have to miss work to attend concerts or extra evening rehearsals called by Van Camp. "You have to almost beg him to miss something, and then he makes you feel bad about missing," Engbretson said. "It's even worse to miss something without calling first. It's like judgment day."



Some challenge Van Camp's authority

A cold or a sore throat is not a good enough excuse to miss a rehearsal. Even if a student can't sing he can listen. One day during the cold season a row of chairs stretched almost the width of the chorale room. Sitting in them were cold-sufferers. They were expected to listen to the rehearsal and mark their music when a breath mark or a change in the score was announced.

Van Camp insists on perfect attendance because he has a specific goal for each rehearsal. The goal might be to rehearse a movement of Brahms's "German Requiem," or to master a spiritual by the end of the hour. Van Camp said he relies upon his 25 years of experience when he sets a goal for a rehearsal.

"As I get to know a group better, I can just look at the music and say 'Well, it's about this difficult' and judge how much time to allow for it. I didn't always know that, and I always used to pick out too much. Sometimes I still do." He smiled and said, "I'm not infallible."

Total attention, total silence

While he teaches, Van Camp asks for undivided attention, which some give him willingly. Shari Lewis, a first-year chorale member, said she noticed his charisma the first day of class. "I concentrated totally on him," she said. "No other director could move me like that."

For others the charisma is missing. Van Camp sympathizer Dave Anderson said his director's demand for total attention is tiring. "Sometimes you're preoccupied, you don't feel like working. Then, it's hard."

Van Camp also requires total silence when the singing stops. During one rehearsal, there was a murmur of conversation when Van Camp stopped the group to polish a section of the music. The conversation didn't last long. He sternly told the offenders, "When I stop, I will talk or you will raise your hand. I hate it when I spend a whole minute of my life saying, 'Let's be quiet.' That's a waste of life. There are 60 of you. When I waste a minute, I waste an hour of God's given lifetime."

Some chorale members don't appreciate such scoldings. "Sometimes he spends more time telling us to be quiet than we spend being loud," said Kurt Engbretson.

But Van Camp balances the scoldings with praise. During a rehearsal after a recent tour, he read several letters from people who kept chorale members as overnight guests. The letters complimented the chorale's musical performance and its overall behavior.

When asked how the chorale members must behave on tour, Van Camp laughed and said, "Perfectly!"

"I have very high standards. I tell them very frankly, and perhaps bluntly, what I expect. For example, when we go to Europe, I tell them, 'No liquor, no sex, no drugs and I expect you to be on the bus at the time you're told or to find your own way there.'"

"A lot of people think I'm mean and tough. I don't care because I have a good group. And one of the

reasons I have a good group is that I demand...that they toe the line or they don't stay in. People seem to respect being in a group like that, once they learn that's the way it's run. So some people don't get in. Great. Saves us both a lot of headaches."

The mountains were beautiful, but...

Occasionally a student will surface to challenge Van Camp's authority. Randy Mundt, now a graduate assistant in SIUE's geography department, admits he was such a challenger.

Mundt also has become a folk hero among some chorale members after his behavior on the chorale's 1978 tour of Europe. "That was one of the few times I've ever seen a student stand up to Van Camp," Engbretson said.

During his first year in the chorale, Mundt said, he had no problems with Van Camp. "I was a different person, more tolerant. Then I realized, what he's doing isn't right."

Mundt and Van Camp had some tense moments in Europe. One clash between the two occurred when the chorale's tour bus drove through a mountainous part of Austria. Van Camp decided that everyone should enjoy the scenery, Mundt said. He decreed that no one could read or sleep; everyone must look at the mountains.

"I thought that was a bunch of bunk," Mundt said bitterly. "I paid my way and helped earn the money to pay his."

Even though the mountains were beautiful Mundt read a book. When Van Camp noticed Mundt reading he ordered him to stop. Mundt stopped but not without some resentment.

Another skirmish occurred in a traditional place of sanctuary—a church. The chorale was in England, rehearsing for a concert. Because there would be little time between rehearsal and concert, the chorale members were in concert dress, which, for the men, includes ties.



Van Camp's directing led one choir member to say, "No other director could move me like that."



Leonard Van Camp is threatened by SIUE English professor Paul Gaston in "La Serva Padrona," a comic opera staged here last February. Both Van Camp and Sarah Turner, chairperson of SIUE's voice department [in the background], had lead roles.

Mundt was not wearing his.

When Van Camp asked Mundt why he didn't have his tie on, Mundt said it interfered with his breathing. He said he would put it on for the concert but would prefer to rehearse without it. After a brief argument Mundt put on his tie.

Later in the tour, Van Camp told Engbretson, then the chorale president, to talk Mundt into behaving. Otherwise, Van Camp would send him home. Engbretson said the power struggles went on all summer, usually centering on infractions of minor rules.

Students may quarrel with his methods, but nevertheless, Van Camp has created a choir with a national and international reputation. During its 1974 European tour, the chorale won the Spittal [Austria] International Choral Competition. In June 1975, the chorale was heard on world-wide radio performing a patriotic cantata arranged by Van Camp.

The joyful family

One quality which makes the chorale superior is the bond Van Camp tries to create among its members. He said, "There's a bond that happens between people in a choir. Not every person in chorus music knows this." This bond, he said, improves performance.

He tries to create the bond between chorale members in a number of ways.

"I do it by treating each person as an individual, first of all, and by recognizing their individuality, and by seeing them as a unique creature of God.

"The second way I do it is trying to see them as a part of a unique group. There is not a group in the world like SIUE's Concert Chorale. I try to see how each of them can contribute to it and profit from it. So I'm always looking for assignments I can give somebody, solo opportunities I can give someone, needs that they have that I can meet somehow.

"Then, I simply work on discipline with the group, on all the technical things in music, putting them in the right physical arrangement for each song.

"I work at trying to help them grow individually and collectively, and I think it just becomes a natural by-product that the organism grows together. As the parts of it become stronger, the organism itself becomes stronger."

Van Camp turns the chorale into a family, Engbretson said. "If you get another conductor, you'll lose it. That closeness is a result of Leonard."

Shari Lewis said she enjoys the warmth of the chorale classes because it contrasts with the cold logic she encounters in her pre-med classes. "I can be a person again in chorale," she said.

"I wouldn't enjoy SIU at all without chorale," said Dave Anderson, another "family" member. "There are so many beautiful people in it."

He said he didn't expect to be in the chorale because he transferred to SIUE in the middle of the year and there were already more people in the chorale than Van Camp usually allows. After a rehearsal, he talked to Van Camp and explained his situation. Anderson said he knew he had no chance of getting into the chorale during the winter or spring quarters, but he wanted to audition for next year's group. Van Camp asked if he wanted to audition on the spot. Anderson said, "Sure!"

"He spent about a half hour with me. That's a lot of time for him," Anderson said with a laugh.

At the end of the audition, Van Camp seemed uncertain. "He prayed for a few minutes about whether to let me in or not. I was quiet, but I kept thinking, 'Oh, God, let him let me in.' After a few minutes, he looked up and smiled and said, 'The answer is yes.' Then he gave me this big hug and said, 'I love you, and God loves you.' And this was the first time I met the guy!" As Anderson recalled this experience, his brown eyes widened and he smiled.

Lewis remembers Van Camp's compassion after her parents were killed in a car accident. "He called me," she said, "and took me to lunch. I couldn't believe it, how concerned he was."

Van Camp asked Lewis to return to the chorale for a performance of "The Messiah," and she did. "Everyone was so warm to me, and some people brought me a Bible."

Engbretson said, "That shows how close the chorale members are. Shari felt it was better to come and sing with the chorale and take her mind off things than to stay at home by herself. The chorale became Shari's extended family."

One way Van Camp cements the family bond is by occasionally sending notes to chorale members and accompanists to tell them how much they contribute to the group. And Anderson said Van Camp can often sense when a student is having problems. "Sometimes when he's concerned with a student, he'll call and ask what the problem is."

Sometimes students seek him out, Van Camp said. He might not always have the right advice, he said, but at least he will listen. "Honestly, name the problem and I've probably heard it. There are hardly any things that shock me any more."

Sometimes, like a father, Van Camp lectures his charges. He will use rehearsal time to share some of his philosophy. Two of his main tenets, Anderson said, are that one should love his fellow man, and that one should be joyful.

"He tells us to be joyful, and to spread it to others. He tells us, 'If you're not happy, it's your own fault. Don't let anyone spoil your day. Use each day wisely and learn from it.'"

He doesn't allow anyone or anything to ruin his day, Van Camp said. "It can rain, it can be anything. Inside is where your day is, not outside. It's not what other people do, it's what you decide to do with your day. That's the kind of day you have."

"Having a good day is simply a decision. It's that simple. And I decide every morning to have a good day. Since it's such a simple choice, I just start with joy, and it's amazing—every day is joyful."

"I don't understand why everyone doesn't do it."

Double-threat soloist

The same determination that Van Camp applies to his daily mindset is used in his new career as a solo singer. He said it isn't easy to manage a career as a soloist and a choral director. "I don't know if it's difficult—it may be impossible!" he said, laughing. Then he said more soberly, "It's very difficult."

Van Camp said he had an easier time with his solo career when he was on sabbatical leave. Then he had the day to himself for practice and didn't have to use his speaking voice as much.

He undertook the new career to be fulfilled.

"There's a...tiny bit of frustration in working with others. It's not a big problem, but if you conduct a beautiful crescendo and singers only make a fair crescendo, it's disappointing. As a singer singing all by yourself, you are totally in charge. It is a tremendous challenge. You are governed by your own ability, your own technique, your own practice and your own sacrifice. So, it really puts you on your own, and I guess I wanted that experience..."

Van Camp credits his wife Marlene with encouraging him to start his solo career. He said they had been singing at home for several years, and she had told him he should sing publicly because he had such a beautiful voice. In late 1976, he decided she was right. "One night I came home and said, 'You know you said I should give a recital? I'm going to. Three weeks from tonight.'"

For the first recital, he made an effort to select pieces the audience would enjoy. So he sang nothing in a foreign language. The second recital included three songs from "Camelot." Critics were horrified and said

Van Camp can't escape power issue

Some members of SIUE's Concert Chorale may call their director, Leonard Van Camp, a dictator as he exacts the best possible performance out of them. But Van Camp makes no bones about exercising power.

"There is a lot of power just waiting for someone to grab it," Van Camp once told Mark Boehmer, his choral assistant. "You have to learn how to use it. Then you'll have the things you want."

Boehmer believes that power is no small issue for any choral director. "He [Van Camp] has the ability to get what he wants, and that's what it takes," he said. "Maybe that's why he's one of the best choral directors around."

The following remarks by Van Camp summarize his theory on power.

"Power exists. It's very simple. It exists and it will be used. If you're given power, you have the responsibility to use it properly."

"There's a lot of power in the hands of the

conductor. He decides which piece will be done, who will be the soloist, how fast it will be performed, if there will be a cut in it, who will be selected for the group and where you will perform. All these things are thrust on him. He has an obligation to carry out those duties and make those decisions wisely. You cannot squirm out of it.

"There's power between humans. You can pull people to you, you can pull ideas to you, you can pull success to you by being a magnet for those things. People recognize a person who is powerful and success-oriented by the way he or she acts."

"I consider every human being a power magnet. People use it in different ways. Some use it negatively and turn off people in everything they do. I turn off some people. Some people don't like me. I understand that. So I try to serve the people who do like me, and avoid the ones who don't."

so. Basically they complained about songs in English. But the criticism did not deter him.

"That's one of my pet peeves...that we do so much singing in a language that people can't understand, even if we give them translations.

"Let's say that I listened to what they [the critics] had to say...and heard it from their point of view. But I accomplished what I wanted to accomplish at that time for the audience I was trying to do it for. And for the way I felt. And I did it. I don't regret doing it at all. I didn't say, 'Oh my goodness, I did the wrong thing.'"

No one accused him of inferior taste in his selections for the next recital. He performed works of Henry Purcell, a "Virtuoso" piece by Marcello, three songs by Loewe, a Mozart aria, three songs by Maurice Ravel and four songs by Aaron Copland. This more critically kosher recital was given after Van Camp began studying with William Warfield in order to perfect his ability to sing in foreign languages, especially French.

Now that he sings in both native and foreign tongues, Van Camp considers himself a "double threat."

"I can do the fancy kind of socially acceptable recitals, or something that's a little more fun. And of course what I try to do is plan a recital that joins the two together."

While Van Camp said he realizes a person can never please everyone, there is one person he must please—himself. "Picking pieces just to please people is a big mistake. Unless you like it, nobody will like it."

For the sake of Brahms and beauty

What Van Camp chooses for himself or the chorale to sing is intended to unite composer, singer and audience.

"I'm interested in people. Music is the catalyst between [living] people and the dead people. The composers are gone, you know. But I can bring Bruckner back. I can bring my students together with Brahms, or Bach or Billings. And I can bring the people who come into the audience together with my students. It's all really an intermixing, and music happens to be my medium for getting people together."

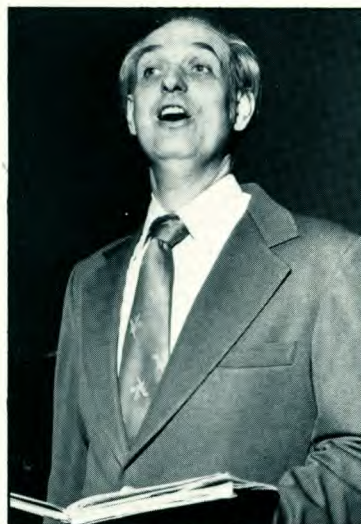
During one rehearsal, the chorale was having a problem interpreting a Handel piece. Van Camp said, "Handel died. He's not here to defend himself. It's my job to tell you what he meant."

Van Camp takes his job of decoding the composers very seriously. He said the composers were men whose souls were filled with beauty, and he feels an obligation to capture this beauty in the music of his chorale.

"They [the composers] wrote down coded messages. They used five lines and a pen. When I decode that message and teach it to someone and then take them someplace to sing, I am sharing beauty..."

Van Camp said he loves all kinds of beauty, from the blooming of roses to the falling of snow. To him, they are "aesthetic experiences." And he wants to share them.

"An aesthetic experience is simply an encounter with beauty—hopefully, a pleasant one. I'm after sharing experiences like that with other people. And I feel that they could not have those specific experiences if I wasn't there as a catalyst between a Brahms motet and



**Van Camp
the soloist
believes that
singing what
pleases him
will please
his audience.**

67 kids I found all over the Metro-East area. I bring Brahms and those kids together and then I put them in a milieu where someone else can hear them. Maybe that'll be in Vienna. Maybe that'll be in Highland, Ill. But it's an aesthetic experience and a sharing of beauty. And that's what my life is all about."

In trying to move other people emotionally, Van Camp is inevitably moved himself. Anderson remembers a concert when this happened. "After we sang the Mendelssohn 'Ave Maria,' I looked at Van Camp. It touched him so much, he cried." Anderson paused in his recollection, his own eyes soft. "I thought, 'We did what he wanted. We made music. It was alive.'"

The man who lives in the strict, beautiful world of Leonard Van Camp is hard to summarize. There are so many faces to the diamond—the dictatorial and dedicated conductor, the compassionate friend, the joyful philosopher and the sensitive artist. Kurt Engbretson put it earthily—and perhaps best—when he said, "I love that son-of-a-bitch."

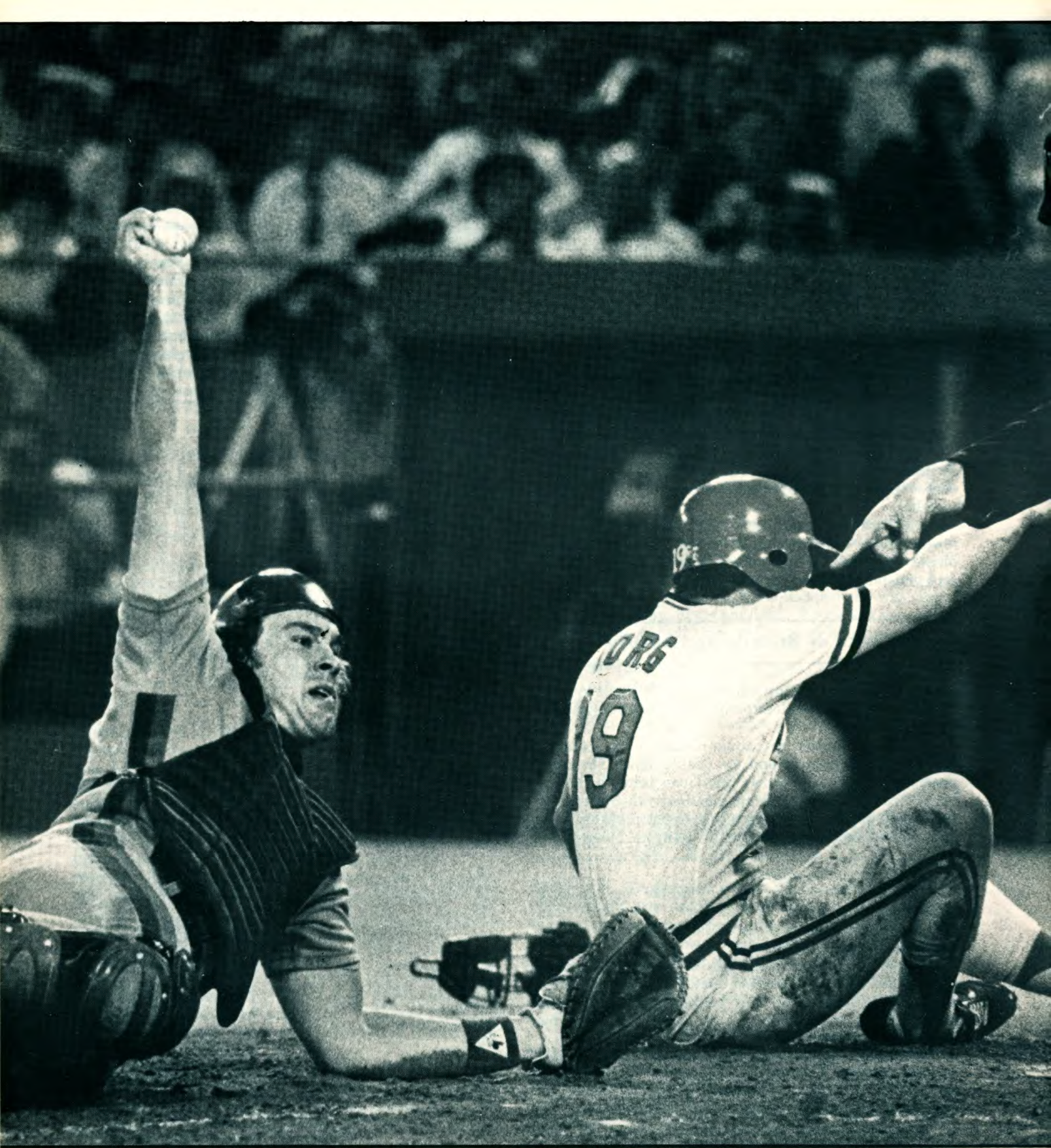
He added, "I'm going to be a choral director, and when I get my own choir, the very first day of rehearsal, they're going to know who Leonard Van Camp was. My kids too."

He blinked a little and said huskily, "Some-day, sometime—and I'm sure it's going to happen—it'll be an honor for me to conduct my choir for him."

"He's a classic personality. I'll never forget him or chorale."



■■■■■
Leonard Van Camp



Ed Sedej

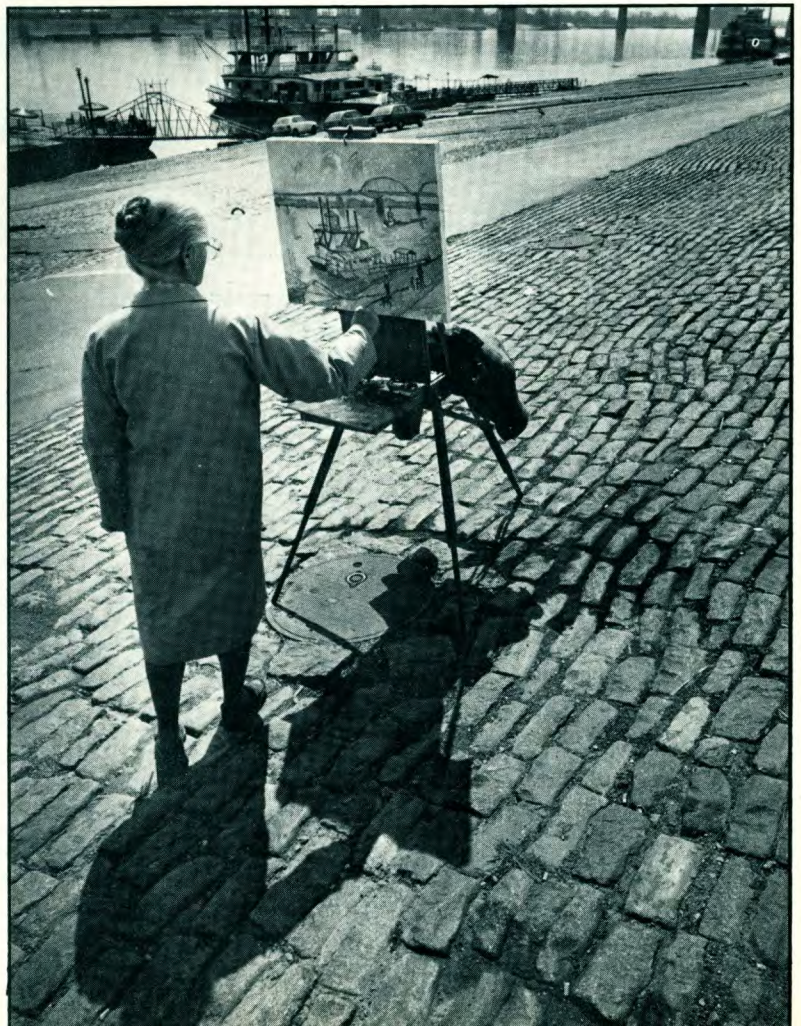
UPI internship a learning experience

During spring quarter, SIUE journalism student Ed Sedej completed an internship at UPI in St. Louis. In the company of photographer Art Phillips, Sedej covered a multitude of assignments. The photographs are from his internship, along with text [beginning on page 14] taken from a journal he was required to keep.

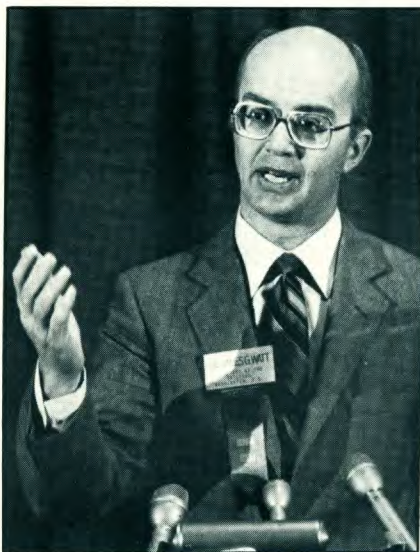
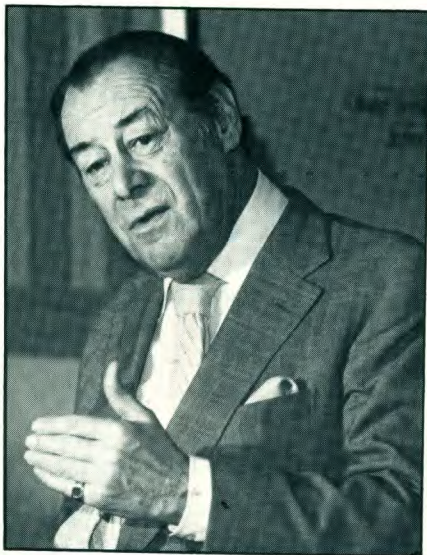
With the temperature in the 70's, Ruth Stolar of St. Louis spends her time producing paintings of the St. Louis riverfront.



In a game against Montreal, Cardinal outfielder Dane Iorg is thrown out at home.



Secretary of State Alexander Haig [Right], Secretary of the Interior James A. Watt [Below], actor Rex Harrison [Below left], and Vice President George Bush [Bottom] were some of the famous people Sedej photographed while at UPI. [Opposite page] Tim Rozycki of Granite City North High School breaks a hurdle during a track meet with Cahokia High School.





Ed Sedej: A photographer's journal

March 23

My first day at the job. I received my first assignment from Laszlo Domjan, the bureau manager, to photograph a local baker who bakes cakes in the shape of buildings. I rode over with UPI writer Tim Bryant. After traveling 22 miles I expected to see a large bakery, but when we arrived all I saw was a small brick building and several employees baking cakes.

When we met the baker, the first thing I noticed was he was wearing all white clothing. He then led us to a room where the cake was located. Sure enough, the cake, the walls, and the table were all white.

I should have used bounce flash, but instead I shot available light at ASA 1600. My negatives came out pretty dense.

March 24

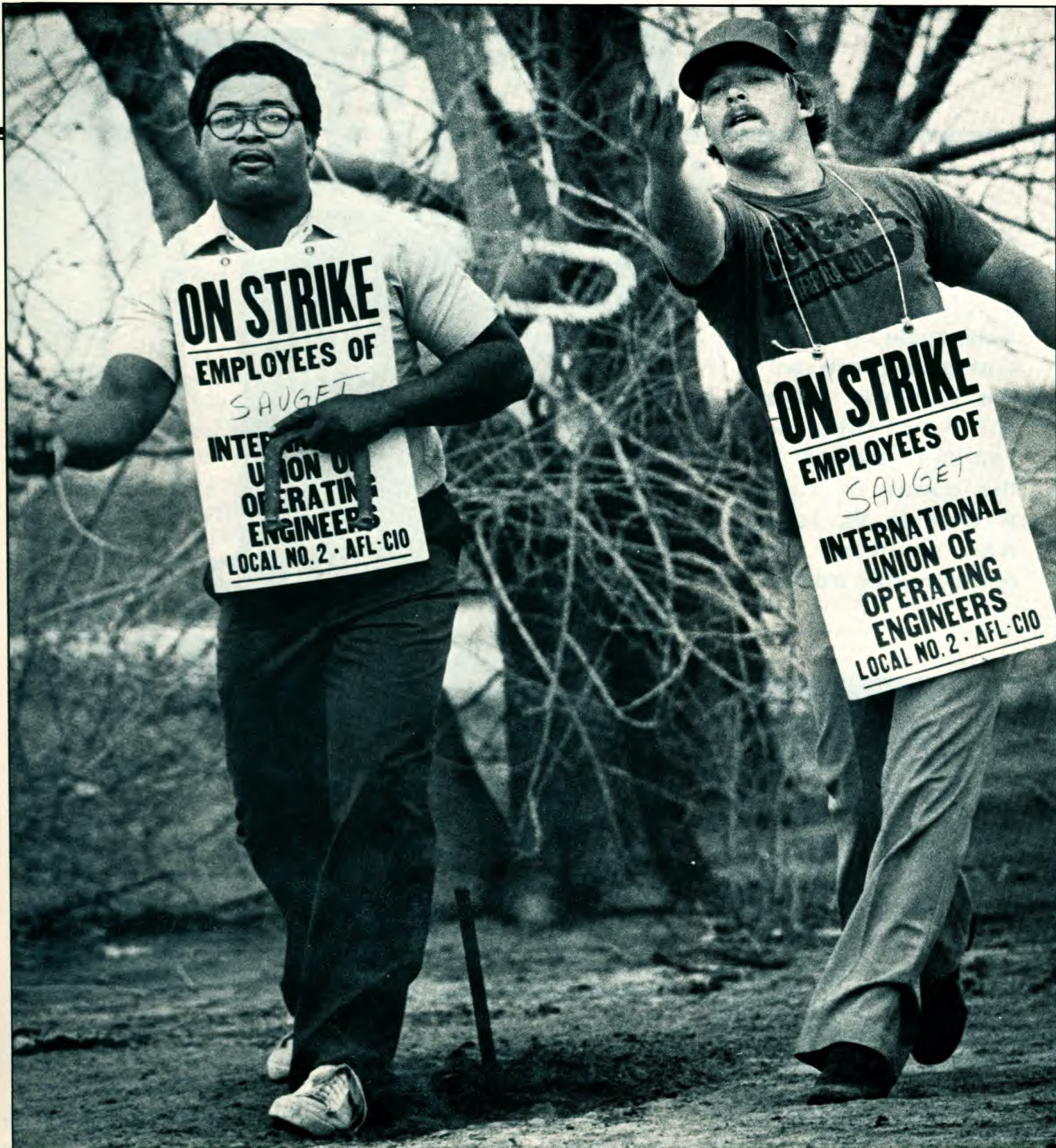
Today I went on my own to hunt some feature shots, and with the weather in the 70's I drove down to the riverfront. I ran across an elderly lady painting the riverboats and shot several of her, using a wide-angle lens to get the background into the picture. We transmitted later that day.

March 29

I thought I knew some things about darkroom work, like printing, burning in, dodging, bleaching and cropping after several classes from Professor Ward and working at Photo Service and the Granite City Press-Record. When I came to UPI I felt like I didn't know a damn thing. At UPI you don't burn in, cropping is done loose and many pictures are posed. I had to change my printing style and adjust to the picture taking formula. I guess if you need a picture you'll do anything to get it.

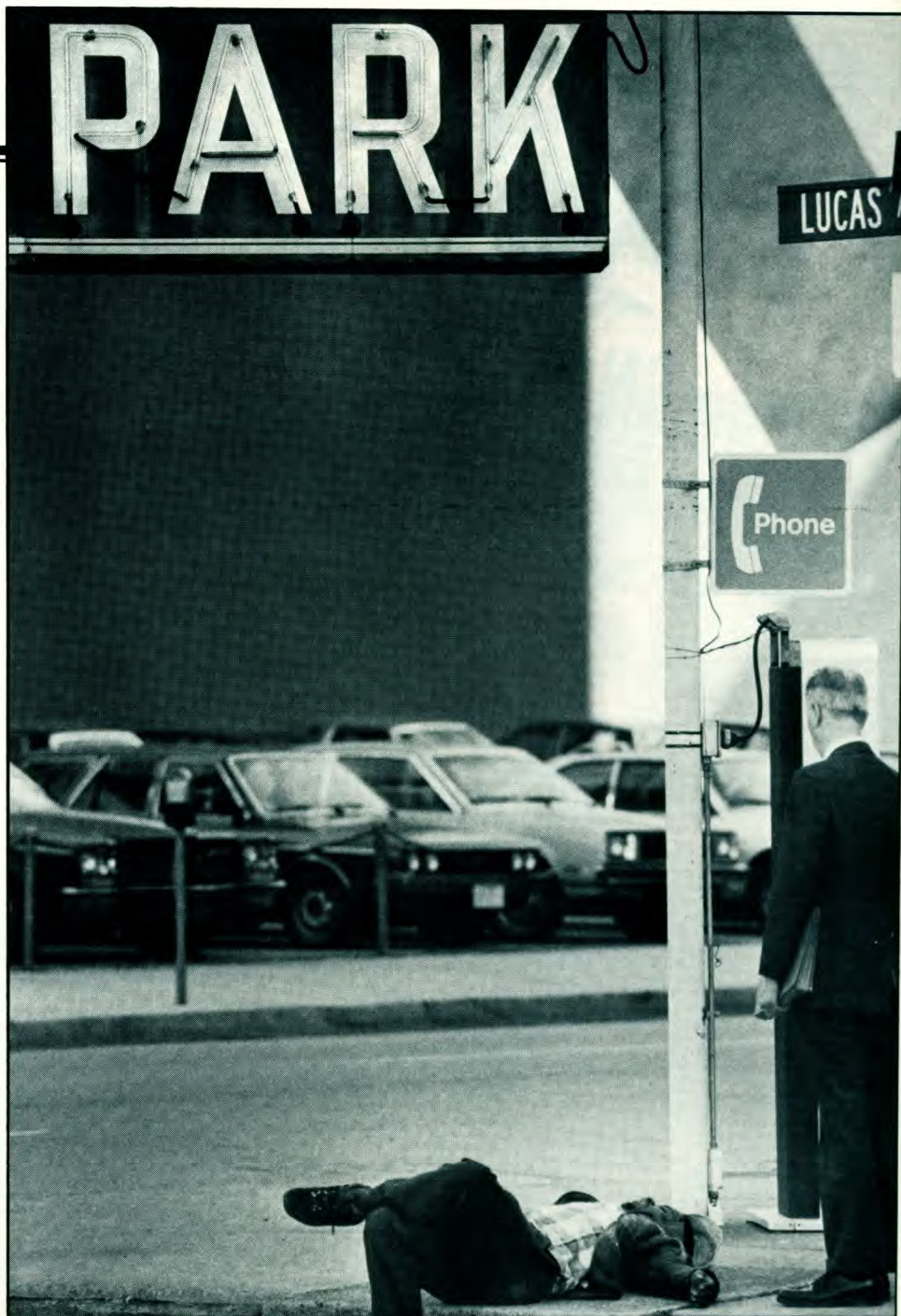
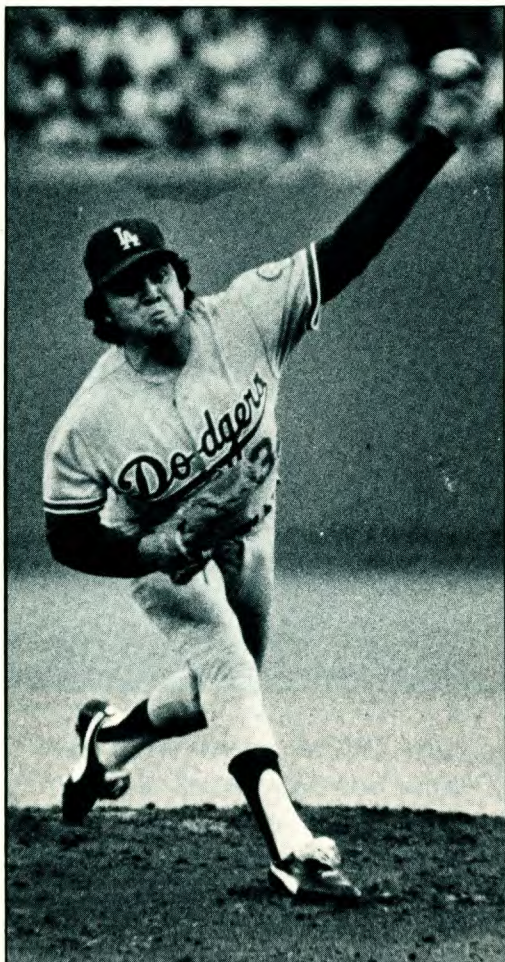
Three rafts full of participants make their way downstream in the Great Meramec River Raft Race.





Virgil Hoskin [Left], and Todd Richards, two striking employees of the Sauget, Ill., sewage treatment plant break the monotony of walking the picket lines with a friendly game of horseshoes. They are members of Operating Engineers Local 2.

[Below] L.A. Dodgers pitcher Fernando Valenzuela in action during a game with the Cardinals. [Right] A "bum" who has "parked" himself on the corner of Lucas Avenue in St. Louis. An example of photographic irony.



March 30

Art took the day off, Laszlo was on vacation and just a writer and I were in. I spent several hours driving around looking for some feature shots but ended up empty handed. I was wishing something would break, something visual like a fire or something. At about 2 p.m. I decided to head back to Granite City. It wasn't until I got back home and settled down that I learned the President had been shot. If I had known that, I would have gone to Stix or Famous Barr and photographed the shoppers gathering around the television sets watching the updates. That's what I envisioned shooting for a local interest shot, but I didn't. That's the breaks.

Ed Sedej: More photographer's journal

March 31

Today, I was assigned by Art to drive to the village of Edmundson, near Lambert Airport, to locate a 300-pound police chief and get a photograph of him to accompany a story.

I went out in the afternoon and found the huge officer geared up in handcuffs, shiny boots and a six-shooter. We talked awhile and I told him how I wanted to shoot him [with a camera]. He positioned his car to face the sun. After shooting several frames, I felt I didn't get what I wanted. How could I shoot to show he weighed 300 pounds?

I finally asked him if he would sit on the front end of his car, and turn on the flashers. He tried to get on the hood several times [I thought perhaps I shouldn't have asked him to sit up there]. He finally made it, and that's the shot that was used. I loved it and so did Art. I printed one for the Post and one for the wire. I was glad to see the Post ran it the next day. I felt good that day, because I did something and got a pat on the back.

April 2

Today, I went feature hunting again. This time, I took the streets of downtown St. Louis. I went by the parks along Tucker but found nothing.

I knew there had to be something going on. After driving around I saw my photograph. A person was lying half-way between the street and the sidewalk asleep. I jumped out, went across the street, and shot him lying there with people looking at him. A "park" sign was directly above him, and I was cropping the image at the same time I was shooting. I really thought I had a feature picture!

Going directly back to the office, I told Art I had a picture, developed and printed it. He didn't like it for his purposes. He felt it was an insult to bums. He does not like to photograph bums, so I asked him to prove the man was one. I lost that battle, but I had the photograph, and I'm sure Professor Ward can use it. The ironic eye.

April 13

Feature hunting today, so Art and I drove around looking for THAT photograph. We drove for two hours but nothing looked good, so we went through Tower Grove Park and I spotted my picture.

Two kids were running around trying to capture butterflies in large nets. I ran out there and started shooting. I thought it was kind of neat, I mean, how often do you see kids with butterfly nets? I got their names and we went back to the office where I picked what I wanted. Art approved, and we sent two photographs out on the wire. The Post picked up one and the Quincy [Ill] paper picked up another.

I loved it. I was told by Charlie Cox and Art that papers love feature shots like that. I believe it now.

April 15

Went to Cahokia to cover a track meet for the Press-Record, and I felt in my bones that a picture was going to pop up somewhere, but I didn't know exactly where.

I thought I'd shoot the high hurdles for once this year. I had my 300mm lens on, so I pre-focused on the hurdle and waited for the peak action. For some reason, I switched from lane one to lane three. I shot as Tim Rozychi of Granite North came over, but I didn't see the hurdle break. After he fell, I saw him rubbing his knee and the coaches carrying the cracked hurdle off the track.

I couldn't wait to see that negative. I developed it and looked for the frame. THERE IT WAS! I jumped and screamed, printed it and loved it. A once in a lifetime picture. UPI loved it, and so did the Press-Record. I entered it in the Illinois Press Photographers monthly clip contest. I hope I win.

April 18

Baseball. I was kind of nervous because I have never shot professional baseball before. The longest lens I





Seven-year-old Darrell Gentry and his five-year-old sister Diane chase butterflies through Tower Grove Park in St. Louis [Top]. Diane with a captured butterfly.



Ed Sedej: More photographer's journal

have is a 300mm and I didn't think it would be long enough. As it turned out Art, Mary Butkus and Ted Reisinger all had 300's too so I felt I was with the crowd.

I stationed myself in the aisle behind home plate so I could cover home or third base. The game went pretty quick and I didn't get any shots, but Art pulled through and printed a victory shot and sent it. I liked today, I liked the pressure of finding a picture and getting it out quickly. But in baseball I found out action doesn't always happen, and then it's find and seek time. In this business, you have to come up with a picture.

April 21

Another baseball game today, and it was my turn to pull through with a picture. Art had one at first base which we sent out right away, but we needed another one for later that day. After looking carefully through the negatives, we couldn't find a decent shot, but hold it. I whipped out mine, and there was the picture, a play at third base with George Hendrick looking astounded. We all liked it, and it made me feel good that my first baseball picture was transmitted nationally.

April 23

Talk about pressure! The St. Louis Cardinals played the University of Missouri at Columbia today at the stadium and I was the only photographer from UPI there shooting, so I had to come up with a picture. Well, after five innings, I got a shot at home plate, a nice action photo. We sent it and I felt really good. I looked in the Post and Globe the next day to see their pictures, and personally I think mine was 100 percent better, which made me feel good.

Awaiting her day in court, Emma Harris who was arrested on a Bi-State bus for eating four cashew nuts. The 54-year-old nurse said she was shocked and humiliated by the incident.

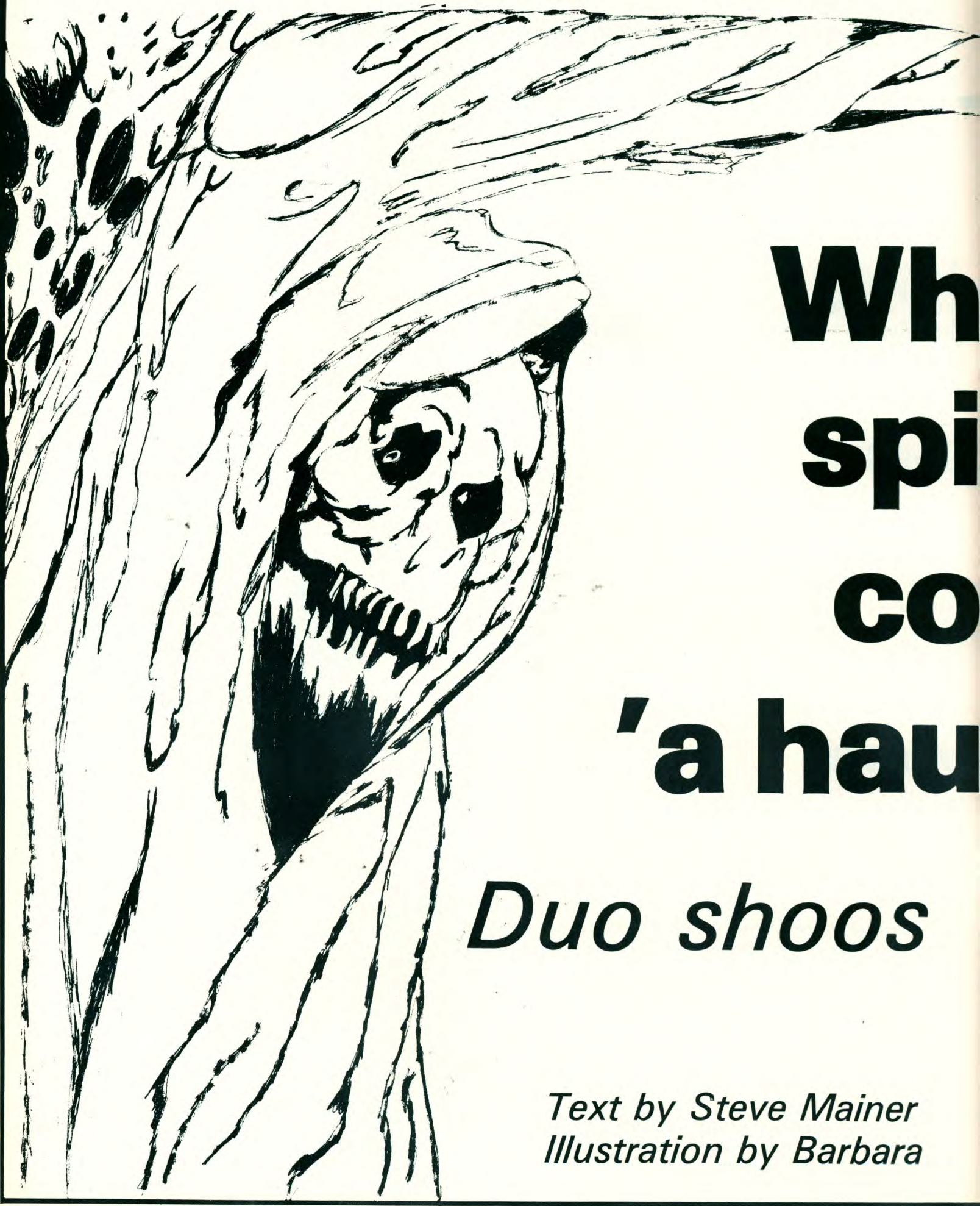
April 28

All I did today was take pictures of Rex Harrison at a news conference at the Mayfair Hotel. I needed to get some shots for the file in case something happened to him. It wasn't very exciting, but another picture for me. One good thing about it was they served free food for the press.

May-June

Much of the time it was pretty boring at UPI because of baseball season. I shot 27 games and it was the same old thing.





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*Text by Steve Mainer
Illustration by Barbara*

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Early one morning a glowing apparition of a woman appeared at the bedside of a 12-year old girl, the oldest child of a rural St. Louis area family. Startled, the girl cried out, "What's that?"

Hearing her daughter's shout Mrs. A rushed into the room, but not before the apparition had vanished. The room was much colder than it should have been on that midsummer morning, and Mrs. A noticed an indescribable, unpleasant odor in the room. The odor did not fade for several days.

The apparition marked the start of a series of unexplainable occurrences, including loud banging and crashing. The racket increased in the following few weeks until one night Mrs. A was jolted awake by something that "yanked all the covers off." She decided it was time to seek professional help.

Enter the Haunt Hunters of St. Louis, led by Gordon Hoener and Philip Goodwilling.

Goodwilling recalled the interesting nights spent at the house. "On three consecutive evenings we, and the rest of the household, experienced a variety of physical manifestations," he said. "In addition to the sporadic loud noises, all the lights in the house began to flash on, then off, and pictures even leapt from their frames, smashing their glass covers on the floor below.

"Finally, the fourth day brought a much needed slackening in the chaos. The family's circumstances were ample indication that a genuine poltergeist phenomenon was in progress. The young girl was entering puberty and

Langhorst

was distressed over the recent divorce of her parents, and most of the mischievous occurrences had surrounded her."

The haunt-hunting duo did their best to calm the mother and children, assuring them that the worst was over and the disturbances would soon die out altogether. Just as they said, the disturbances stopped and have not returned to trouble the family.

Gordon Hoener began stalking spirits in 1965. That year he organized the Haunt Hunters, a club for studying psychic and supernatural phenomena. In 1966, the club inducted a man who is now its president—Philip Goodwilling.

"I was strictly a non-believer then, and I'm not so sure my attitude has changed a whole lot," Goodwilling said. "What it has done to me is broaden my attitude to accept certain phenomenon as being unexplained and not necessarily supernatural."

Goodwilling presides over 350 ghost-hunters who represent the United States and 16 foreign countries. He and Hoener are some of its most active members, spending hours of free time researching and conducting seances.

Their work in documenting and laying to rest troublesome spirits began as a hobby—something to satisfy their keen interest in psychic phenomena. But over the years the hobby evolved into a second career.

And they're a team that's in demand. Their expertise has been sought by more than 300 families in the St. Louis area alone. They've taught at St. Louis University and have told their story to thousands through newspaper

and magazine articles. Last Halloween they conducted a seance for NBC's "Real People."

The duo teaches that spirits aren't always evil. Sometimes, a ghost can't rest because it is worried about money.

"In one of our most interesting cases," Goodwilling said, "a woman who lived in an old mansion near the Mississippi River near Columbia, Ill., contacted us saying she had been hearing ghostly sounds."

During their investigation, the pair learned the builder, who was the first resident, had been a rich eccentric. When he died, he apparently decided to take his money with him for none of it was discovered in accounts at local banks. The only legacy the heirs received was what the house brought when sold.

The current owner was a middle-aged divorcee who had been under a constant strain since she took residence there. She claimed she was being plagued by flashes of light and unbearably loud noises, the source of which she could not pinpoint.

The Haunt Hunters were called. "During our seance the writing planchette drew a map that was marked with an 'X' and the word 'treasure,'" Goodwilling said. "We didn't know what the lines on the map corresponded to, but the woman recognized them as a depiction of the tunnels that ran underground from her house to the river."

"The tunnels had been used to hide a bootlegging operation during Prohibition. We wanted to use the map and search the tunnels but the woman refused, saying that she was afraid to venture down into the tunnels that had been closed off for many years and were full of rats."

"Later we heard that this woman had suddenly come into a great deal of money and had moved to Bermuda," Goodwilling said and laughed loudly.

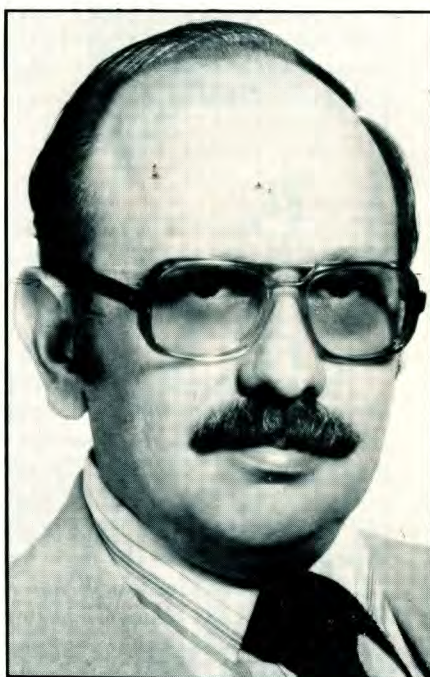
With all the publicity they've received over the years, the duo has been deluged by out-of-town requests. However, Goodwilling and Hoener said they have limited most of their help to advice given over the phone.

"We couldn't get off work and we didn't want to charge for our services," Goodwilling explained. "We just try to help the people get rid of whatever is causing the problems. In fact, we have never had a case in which we couldn't at least put a handle on the phenomenon. We haven't even had one when we couldn't stop the phenomenon from occurring."

He explained why they do not charge a fee. "We've both done enough reading to know that if you try to make money doing this you can't succeed. It's also kind of a defense mechanism. We aren't professional psychologists and we don't charge because we're not really sure what we're doing," he said and chuckled.

"We don't charge a fee because we don't perform a normal sort of service, and we're also curious."

Philip L. Goodwilling, who is a controller with Teamsters Local 658, stalks spirits as a second career.



Gordon Hoener, a retired stockbroker, lectures on psychic phenomena at universities.



The two fear that some day they might open up an unstable person's subconscious mind and push the person into insanity. "We're frightened enough of what we're doing that we try to weed those people out. Before we work with someone, we're pretty sure they're stable," Goodwilling said.

Goodwilling and Hoener's first contact with those plagued by spirits is almost always by phone. Relatively few cases warrant a complete investigation. They screen the calls to learn which cases need to be explored further. After 30 minutes of questioning, the men can tell if the person is just seeing things—or seeing the real thing.

If a caller describes a transparent ghost with a face so terrible they were paralyzed with fear, the hunters get suspicious. They insist that unless a person is tipped off by old-fashioned clothes or by a vanishing apparition, most people wouldn't know a ghost if they saw one. "Real ghosts will appear just as solid as you and I before they vanish," Goodwilling explained.

He recalled a woman who met a strange woman wearing clothes from the 1920s walking up the stairs as she was walking down. When the woman cried out in surprise the stranger looked up at her and vanished. "Now that's a real ghost," Goodwilling said with enthusiasm.

If a caller complains that deep in the night he is awakened by ghastly moaning, bloodcurdling screams or hellish laughter, the pair is unimpressed. The truth is that ghosts announce themselves with a bang—literally.

"At the beginning of a haunting," Goodwilling said, "people often notice banging sounds—banging on the walls and doors and maybe a sound like a gun shot at night."

And then there are ghosts who can neither be seen nor heard. They have to be smelled.

"We always ask whether anybody smelled anything unusual because the phenomenon is often manifested as an odor," he said and told the story of a prominent St. Louis family whose teenage son was killed in a car accident.

For some time after his death, his room would be permeated by a foul stench if anyone but his mother entered it. After Goodwilling assured the mother they would investigate if the problem persisted, the stench no longer troubled the family.

"We realized long ago that if we implied over the phone that we were going to solve the problem," Goodwilling said, "the problem was then mysteriously resolved on its own. It pointed out to us that many disturbances are caused, perhaps subconsciously, by the people who witness them."

Incidents like that have made Hoener a skeptic of the supernatural. A retired stockbroker, he now earns his living on the lecture circuit, acquainting people with the facts about psychic phenomena. Hoener believes not in the supernatural, but in the supernormal. Most hauntings, he said, are caused by forces in our physical world as yet undiscovered by science.

"I believe psychic ability is part of all of us," he said. "It's purely a natural thing. My opinion is that we humans leave some sort of energy—a psychic impression—on our surroundings, particularly when we're experiencing trauma. Then people who have developed psychic abilities come along, see the psychic imprints and call them ghosts or spirits. When they see these strange impressions they don't realize that the images are coming from their minds. The impressions don't exist anywhere but in their minds."

Nevertheless, when verbal assurances don't help and the case merits further investigation, Goodwilling and Hoener begin by separately interviewing all of the witnesses. Those interviews are taped and the stories checked for corroboration. Next they study layouts of the haunted building and determine where everyone was when the spirits came 'a haunting. Finally they conduct a seance which is also recorded.

Seances are useful because they can establish communications with whatever is causing the disturbances. If the subconscious mind of a troubled teenager is causing poltergeist problems—objects moving, noises and the like—that subconscious can speak at the seance and release its bottled tension.

If a spirit of the dead is to blame, the seance may give it the voice it needs.

"Ghosts that appear in this time frame, that can interact with you and you with them, often carry a message," Goodwilling said. "Once we were called by a St. Louis family who kept catching glimpses of a little girl in their house. The instant they saw her, she would disappear.

"During a seance, something that identified itself as a little girl told us via the writing planchette that in 1909 she had been raped, murdered and buried under the house. Some years later that house was torn down. I read in the paper that they found human bones under the house."

Ghosts also remain in their former residences because they don't realize they're dead.

"Many times when we ask during a seance what year it is, the spirit gives the wrong year. It's confused and gives the year of its death. It's as if time doesn't exist over there. In these cases we usually instruct the spirit to ask for help. Usually that works and he never comes back."

Goodwilling, who has worked at Teamsters Local Union No. 658 for 20 years as a comptroller, believes that seances actually allow him to speak with the dead.

"I believe that people's personalities survive death and that sometimes we can contact their spirits," he said. "There are evil spirits that are bound to the life plane. They can cause havoc."

Havoc may be an understatement. Take the case of Mrs. X, a middle-aged woman living in Ladue.

"In 1979 we investigated what looked like a poltergeist in Mrs. X's house," Goodwilling said. "It seemed typical. She was awakened in the dead of the night by banging on her walls and doors. Her doorbell rang at odd hours with nobody there. And her clocks were behaving strangely, stopping and starting irregularly. In addition, Mrs. X and other members of the household saw and heard familiar objects moving.

"What made Mrs. X's case unusual were the instances of spontaneous combustion. Objects far from any open flame would suddenly burst into flame. This combustion would take place in open view. Someone would walk into the kitchen and find a towel or something burning."

Goodwilling said Mrs. X was especially nervous about the spontaneous combustion because in 1975 her former Ladue home, a two-story brick house, had burned to the ground. The firemen had been unable to determine the cause of the blaze.

Mrs. X was also puzzled by how the fire started, but at the time didn't even consider the possibility of spontaneous combustion.

However, soon afterwards the fires were the least of her worries. Her left arm would be cut by lacerations that had no source.

"In the five weeks that we were involved on the case, she received 48 lacerations," Goodwilling said. "All bled profusely. There were two witnesses. Her maid and her daughter both said they saw the skin open up."

He, too, became a witness. "I was interviewing her one afternoon in her home when the phone rang. She went to answer it and shortly afterwards let out a yelp. I went over to her and saw a long cut down her arm that was beading with blood. Although the phone was in clear view of where I was sitting, I had not been watching closely. I searched Mrs. X, the phone stand and the immediate surroundings for razor blades, but found nothing."

Goodwilling and Hoener tried to help. They sent her to see her doctor, her clergyman and a psychiatrist. When that failed to stop the cuts, the two decided to conduct an exorcism.

"Mrs. X was more prepared for exorcism because she was being attacked personally," Goodwilling said. On the eve of Friday the 13th, the duo gathered with her around a table in her home. Hoener read the exorcism rite while Goodwilling kept his eyes on her left arm. When Hoener reached the climax of the rite, Mrs. X reacted strongly.

"Her eyes bulged out and the chair slid back 10 feet. It seemed to glide over the shag rug," Goodwilling recalled. "Then she flew out of the chair and landed on the table."

After the exorcism Mrs. X's cuts healed and no new ones appeared for about six months. "When they re-occurred they were of a lower magnitude," Goodwilling said. "They were of less psychological damage and certainly of less physical damage. They eventually petered out over a few weeks.


"We cut off our contact with her because we felt we could no longer help her. We'd gone as far as we could go. We suggested long-term psychoanalysis, but as far as we know she's been in good shape for some time."

And while Goodwilling works to shoo spirits away, he said, he doesn't fear reprisals from them.

"The motive behind the investigation is the most important thing," he explained. "I always say a little prayer asking God to protect me because I'm only trying to help."

Goodwilling has never suffered an injury because of his hobby. He has acquired a few unwanted and unearthly house guests over the years, however.

"I'm sure I've brought home things that were better off left where they were," he said. "I own a grandfather clock that I removed the chimes from some time ago. Every once in a while, at midnight, we all hear that clock ringing its chimes."



Residents are hosts to ghosts

The following six stories are about area homes and businesses that are supposedly haunted.

The Westhoff's

Mark Westhoff walked up the sturdy wooden staircase leading to the second-floor porch in the back of his 112-year-old home near the square in Belleville.

In the 90-plus-years the house has been standing, people have walked the green staircase thousands of times just as Westhoff was doing. But in the last four years, the staircase has been the site of some unusual occurrences.

Since the Westhoff's moved into the house in the fall of 1977 and started remodeling, they have had visitors climb the rear staircase several times. But when the Westhoff's answer the door to greet one visitor, no one is there.

"This ghost is not the kind most people think of," explained the stocky balding Westhoff. "It hasn't scared anybody, not even our six-year-old daughter."

About a month after they moved into the historic home, which was then an apartment house, Westhoff started tearing out the walls and remodeling the first floor.

That was about the same time the strange occurrences began.

"**W**e didn't have an indoor staircase at the time. We were living on the second floor, so those stairs were getting all of the use. Usually if one of us wasn't busy we'd hear visitors coming up and meet them at the door," he said.

"You can see someone coming up the stairs through this window. So many times we knew who was at the door before they knocked," he added and pointed through the kitchen window out to the porch.

The first couple of times one of the Westhoffs went to the door and found no one there, they didn't think much of it.

There are a lot of kids in the neighborhood, and I thought maybe they were out playing on the steps," he said. "But after going out to chase them off a couple of times, I began to realize it wasn't the kids."

It wasn't anybody—anybody visible, that is.

"As you can see, from this porch you can see all over the neighborhood. No kid, or anybody else for that matter, would have a chance to get out of sight before I got out here."

The disturbances didn't occur in any set pattern. Sometimes it would happen five or six times as it did during the two-week peak of remodeling. Other times it would happen less often, especially as the work neared completion.

In the 3½ years they have owned the house, the incident has occurred between 20 and 25 times. But it has only occurred two or three times in the last 1½ years, Westhoff said.

The sound is always the same, too. Heavy footsteps walk up the steps at an average pace—never down. The footsteps stop at the head of the stairs and no one is around.

The last time the anonymous caller visited the Westhoffs the sound was much louder than ever before—about 10 times louder, Westhoff said.

He and his wife Nancy were watching television when they heard the visitor call. "I swear it sounded like someone was beating on the staircase with a sledgehammer," he said. "I got up and ran outside as fast as I could, and there was not a soul around and the neighborhood was quiet."

That was December 12, 1980—two nights after the St. Louis Globe-Democrat had published a story about the restoration of the home in which the "friendly ghost" was mentioned.

That was also the first time Westhoff had told anyone, besides his relatives or neighbors, about the ghost. He believes the uncommonly loud visit was a reaction to the publicity.

Westhoff, who is also the vice-president of the St. Clair County Historical Society, arranged for the reporter to tour several historic homes in Belleville.

"I didn't even expect her to look at my home. We got about three-fourths of the way through the interview and she asked me if anything unusual had ever happened in the house. I said, 'No, nothing other than the ghost that stomps up the staircase,'" Westhoff said with a deep chuckle.

Although Westhoff believes in this ghost and "about half" of other ghost stories, he does not believe in seances.

"I don't believe in that crap," he said. "I really don't. I don't think a mortal could bring back a spirit."

The historian does believe in purgatory, however. Some people have committed sins that are not serious enough to be condemned to hell, but yet cannot enter heaven. These souls have to remain in purgatory until they "straighten things out," Westhoff said.

And for some reason he can't explain, Westhoff thinks the spirit is Mary Boerner, a former resident of the house. Whenever the Westhoffs hear the footsteps, they think of her.

Franklin and Mary Boerner bought the house from its builder in 1880. They lived upstairs and ran a grocery store on the first floor. But in 1886 they had to sell their

home because they could not pay the taxes.

"I believe, and I don't know why, that the woman is satisfying her penance here," he said, shaking his head back and forth. "Maybe she was an adultress, or maybe she was just a horrendous bitch. I don't know."

But whatever it is, it hasn't scared anyone.

"It's never happened in the middle of the night, or when I've been gone and my wife and daughter have been here alone. My brother has heard it, and it hasn't kept him away," Westhoff said as he sat at a table made in 1830.

He also thinks the remodeling may be appeasing the spirit as the work nears completion.

"You have to remember this home hasn't been a single family dwelling for over 80 years and hasn't had any major remodeling done since the 1920s.

"I don't know whether they're satisfied with what I'm doing or dissatisfied. And frankly, I don't care."

The resident ghost hasn't changed Westhoff's opinions about spirits, either. He was a believer in ghost stories from "stable sources" before, and he still is. However, he wouldn't "chase after a ghost story."

Nor does he foresee any problems. "I'm nice to them. They gotta be nice to me."

The Lemp Mansion

About a year after Dick Pointer moved into the Lemp Mansion at 3322 DeMenil Street in South St. Louis, he heard a door slam one night as he was lying in bed reading.

"At first I thought I had dozed off," the young co-owner of the restaurant explained. "But I looked down at Shadow (his dog) and her ears were perked up. She'd heard it too."

The doors in the house are 7-foot-tall and 3-foot-wide. It's almost impossible to miss the noise when they are slammed. At first Pointer thought perhaps he had left one of the doors unlocked. But then he knew that was impossible because he kept all the inside doors locked when he wasn't working in them and usually locked the outside doors before he went upstairs for the night.

"So I got my trusty baseball bat and a flashlight and ordered Shadow to 'sic 'em' as I opened the bedroom door. Every once in a while I would repeat it to keep her on her toes," he said and laughed.

"I didn't know what to expect. I thought maybe it was some six-foot hoosier vandal or something. When we searched all four floors and found all the doors locked I

was still puzzled, but relieved. I had been the only person in the house for over a month."

But he still doesn't believe in ghosts—even after several similar occurrences.

"I would have to see an apparition to believe in ghosts," he said as he tended bar on a slow Tuesday night. "Or maybe if I came in one day and the ghost had vacuumed the carpet, I would be a believer."

Pointer and his father bought the former home of the wealthy St. Louis brewer William Lemp in 1975 when it was a boarding house. At the time 18 different families lived there. Pointer said he and his father saw potential for the once-elegant Victorian mansion as a restaurant.

At the time they bought the 33-room mansion Pointer already knew William Lemp had committed suicide in the home in 1904 and that William Jr. shot himself to death in the same room in late 1922. He also knew that the youngest Lemp son, Charles, lived there alone until 1949 when he shot himself in the basement.

But what Pointer didn't know when he started living alone in the mansion in 1975—and couldn't possibly foresee—were all the strange happenings that were going to occur.

About a month after the first incident, a similar event happened.

"The other time I was reading in my bedroom again, and there was a loud knock at my door. It was more like kick. That scared the shit out of me.

"I made sure Shadow was frothing at the mouth before I opened the door," he said and joined in the laughter of a few friends sitting at the bar.

Again they walked through the house and again they found nothing of significance. But Pointer still refers to these incidents as "coincidences."

"There's as awful lot of things in this world that I don't know. I just consider this one of the many things I don't know. I still don't believe in ghosts."

Nevertheless, Pointer agreed let Philip Goodwilling and Gordon Hoener conduct a seance for NBC's "Real People" last fall. Goodwilling and Hoener, two of the most respected researchers of psychic phenomena, requested the seance after reading a story on the house which mentioned the "coincidences."

Pointer was not present for the first seance. He did sit in on the second, however.

At the first seance, Goodwilling and Hoener received the words "Charles" and "gun" through a writing planchette, a device with a pen through which a spirit communicates to a medium.

Pointer was skeptical, although he still claims the pair knew nothing of the suicides that happened in the home. Then the scene was recreated for television and for Pointer.

"Since it was for TV they brought in a couple of models who looked like they had no more brains than a bag of hair," Pointer said.

"Anyway, those four were sitting at the table and they have this spiritual writing pendulum-like thing. They all put their hands on the table, and the table and the thing really did start moving."

"Now I admit one of them could have been blowing on it or something, but they started shoving a paper under it, and it started scribbling all over like a four-year-old kid. Then it straightened right up and wrote 'G—U—N,'" he said and spelled the letters on the bar with his index finger.

"And then it went crazy again, spelling out the word, 'Charles.' If someone was blowing on that thing, they were doing a better job than I could."

The planchette wrote something else, but Pointer couldn't recall what it was. It didn't mean anything to him. A few minutes after that, he said, one of the models said she could hear a voice.

"I thought, 'Oh boy, here it comes. This should be good,'" the skeptic said. But much to his surprise, she said she heard someone say, "Fuck FDR. I hate the damn Democrats."

"If that broad was making an off-the-wall statement, she was doing a good job of it," he said. Everyone in the room was stumped but Pointer.

He knew in the Lemp's heyday, the family were staunch Republicans. They were so staunch that if a Lemp employee voted for a Democrat and someone in management found out the employee lost his job.

"Gordon or Phil, or anybody else didn't know about that. I'm the only one that had that information," Pointer said, sounding convinced, but still swearing disbelief.

However, Pointer is not the only person to have witnessed unexplainable incidents.

"A few years ago, I had a guy living upstairs in an apartment and working on the ceilings during the day. He came down to me one day and said he had heard horses on cobblestones outside his window," Pointer recalled.

'It straightened up and wrote G—U—N.'

"I thought, 'Aw man, this guy better check what he's been smokin.' But I told him to come down and get me the next time he heard them. I thought he might be crackin' up."

About a week later the tenant came and got Pointer to come to the room, but Pointer didn't hear anything.

"A few weeks later the guy went to California, so I thought, 'Well, that's the end of that.' But that fall the grass beneath that window started turning brown in squares. I started digging up the grass. About 1½ inches beneath the grass I found cobblestones. Neither of us knew the cobblestones were there."

In the Lemp's day, the horses would have been ridden through the courtyard to the carriage house and passed below the window where the tenant was working.

But that's not all.

"People have been working in here and felt a presence and left the house. One was my old man, and I think he just didn't want to paint," Pointer said and laughed.

But then he grew serious. "Another guy who works here was working on the house one day when he felt someone in the room. He called me at home and told me to go down and lock up the restaurant. I said, 'Wait a minute. Aren't you there?' and he said, 'No, I had to get out of there. There's somebody else in there!'"

"He won't work down here by himself any more," Pointer said.

And just a couple of months ago around closing time when only a few customers were left in the restaurant, Pointer watched the ice water swirl around like a whirlpool in a pitcher on a table right behind him.

No one was holding the pitcher.

"I turned around and watched it, then turned back around and asked the customers if they saw it," Pointer recalled. "They said yes. There was no one else around. I went down and asked the cook and waiter if they had been up on the first floor and they hadn't.

"I still don't think that qualifies for a ghost," he added.

And then there's the story head waiter Dave Stevens tells of the piano without a player.

Standing under the main staircase on the first floor, Stevens explained what had happened four months ago. "We had closed and were getting ready to leave. Me and Rich (a waiter) were standing right here when we heard the piano in the parlor begin to play.

"It wasn't playing anything, it just sounded like a cat was walking down it or something. We figured it was somebody playing a joke, so I went this way and Rich went that way," he said and pointed to the entrance to his left and the one just around the staircase to his right.

When the two converged on the would-be prankster, they didn't find anyone in or near the room.

Pointer remembered the incident. "I guess he didn't take lessons because from what they told me, he couldn't

play worth a damn," he said, drawing laughter from the customers sitting at the bar.

"If that qualifies us for a ghost then I guess we got one. If the ghost wants to wait tables, I'll put him on the payroll."

Perhaps if the ghost were on the payroll, its presence would benefit the restaurant because Pointer said he thinks his invisible resident has hurt business if it has done anything at all.

"We were in Life magazine, the Riverfront Times and on Real People in one month and I had the worst November in four years.

"If that's help, I don't want it."

La Maison du Jarrot

La Maison du Jarrot, the home of Nicholas Jarrot and the oldest brick building in Illinois, stands on the banks of the Mississippi River in Cahokia just as sturdy as the day it was completed in 1806.

No one lives in the Federal-styled home, which is owned by the state Department of Conservation, but Terry Engle, a psychic from Belleville claims spirits of past residents still do.

The psychic said she visits the historic home once a year and has picked up a few spiritual messages there. "Once there I saw a lady in a very pretty dress," she said. "I could see her looking out toward the river. Her dress looked to be from around the 1850s. She said she was waiting for 'her man.'"

"I was kind of surprised by the phrase her man, but I later found out that women around that time frequently called their husbands their men. She was young, probably 28 or 29, and the lady of the house," Engle added. "You have to remember, people didn't live very long back then."

She thinks the spirit may be the wife of Colonel Vital Jarrot, Nicholas's oldest son. Vital was the owner of the house and away fighting the Black Hawk War about that time. But Engle is not sure because the spirit said no more.

On a later visit Engle said she saw nuns and children in the large ballroom upstairs. During the mid-1900s the room was used as a classroom for a Catholic school located in the house.

Engle said she was unable to communicate with any of the spirits that time or another time when she saw nuns leaving for Mass at the adjoining Holy Family Church.

Engle also met a nun who was crying, but she said she could not communicate with her, either. However, she could tell the tears were tears of joy.

"I could just tell," Engle said. "That house is delightfully haunted anyway."

Whittemore House

Shortly after nine on a Saturday night in the spring of 1972, four people thought the seance at the Whittemore House on the campus of Washington University was going to be a dud.

Suddenly the writing planchette that Philip Goodwilling, Gordon Hoener, Mary (an assumed name) and her friend were resting their fingertips on, moved across the large pad paper on the table. Word by word it spelled out a message—"You're in my house. Get out." Then, pausing briefly and digging the point of the pencil deeper into the page, it wrote two more words—"Mary, Death."

The table skittered about the room. The shutters blew back and a strong breeze rushed into the attic, extinguishing the candles.

Goodwilling recalled that night. "It was like a scene from a Hollywood movie," he said. "At this point, everyone screamed, including me."

"That was my first experience of actually chasing a table. It's something you have to see. When the table raises up on two legs and comes down, it is possible that a person on the far side is putting pressure on their end. But I saw—and I will swear on any stack of Bibles—the leg on my corner of the bend into a position that I couldn't physically bend it into, then come out of that position without any marks. No one will ever make me believe that I didn't see that."

Mary was nearly hysterical. The other girl was pretty shook up, and Goodwilling and Hoener were as frightened as they'd ever been in seven years of haunt hunting.

The men wanted to continue sensing they were on the verge of finding out the secret of the Whittemore House, but Mary couldn't continue.

"We would have liked to go on," Goodwilling said, but when she said, 'No, that's all. I can't take anymore,' we quit."

Many times this sort of violent occurrence signals the beginning of more information, Goodwilling explained and added he and Hoener hoped they could have returned.

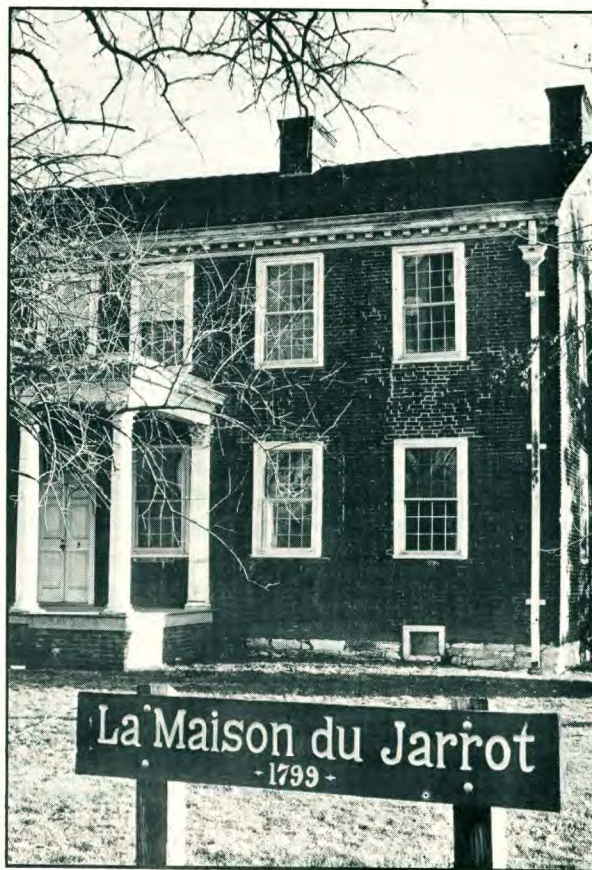
But soon after the seance Mary quit her job and manager Arthur Kleine called a stop to the seances. "The seance frightened two employees so badly, I decided it just wasn't worth it," Kleine said.

"I always compare the atmosphere to the seventh game of the World Series in 1964 here in old Sportsman's Park," Goodwilling said. "There was a certain electricity in the air at that game and I never experienced that electricity again until the night at the Whittemore House."

Mary had experienced several unusual occurrences that caused her to participate in the seance. She repeatedly heard footsteps and caught glimpses of something moving in the hall past her second-floor office, Goodwilling said. Convinced that all the bizarre goings-on were the work of a prankster, Mary was eager to unmask the culprit.

One day she heard footsteps approaching. She hid inside her office and waited. Just before the footsteps reached her doorway, she whipped around the corner to catch him red-handed. There in the hallway stood a man dressed in a red-plaid shirt. The bottom half of his body was invisible. He disappeared immediately when he saw Mary, Goodwilling said.

The Jarrot house is haunted in a delightful way, psychic says.



Mary was deeply frightened by the encounter, but she was unharmed. A short time later, however, the hauntings took a more sinister turn. She fell down a flight of stairs and claimed someone pushed her because she unmistakably felt hands on her shoulders.

Other people have heard noises in the house before, but none have been frightened to the extent Mary was.

People strolling by the 80-year-old house have claimed to have heard the sounds of a large party coming from the completely darkened and seemingly deserted building.

And an university employee who was working alone in her second-floor office late one night heard the sounds of another party (or was it the same one?) going on downstairs. When she traced the noise to a first-floor room and opened the door to look inside, the party sounds ceased abruptly. The room was empty.

Employees have also heard the sounds of the hollow tapping of unidentified footsteps during the day.

Even Kleine has experienced some unusual occurrences in the house and he thinks he knows why. A large brown rectangular spot was in the backyard of the house when he opened the restaurant in 1969.

Maintenance men discovered a buried swimming pool and decided to dig it up. They found some children's toys, a purse, a baby buggy and a doll.

"When that pool started being dug out, boy, was there some racket in this house," Kleine said as he stood in one of the elegant dining rooms and pointed through a picture window to the spot where the pool was.

Sounds without a source would echo throughout the two-story brick mansion. "I would be workin' in here alone about 10 o'clock on a Saturday night, or even a Sunday morning, and I swear I'd hear voices, or footsteps, or something, and all the doors were locked."

Pulling a two-foot thick glass rod from his desk, Kleine said, "I used to take this and go walking around the house, but I would never find anything. One night I was so sure someone was in this building, I called campus police. Two armed policemen and myself walked all through the building and didn't find a thing."

Kleine said this happened about two dozen different times and usually when he was working quietly in his second-floor office.

"I would go home and tell my family, and my wife would say, 'You're hearing things,' and the kids would say, 'Aw Dad, you're gettin' old.'"

But late one night something happened that he couldn't attribute to poor hearing or old age.

Standing just outside of his office he recounted the

event. "I was standing right here when I saw it. That light right there was on," he said, pointing to a chandelier about 15 feet away.

"And down the hall came this mist toward me. It was like a big puff of smoke coming toward me—about five feet tall. And then it got about 10 feet away and dissipated."

Kleine, a non-smoker, said the restaurant had been closed for about two hours. He's not sure what it was, he said, but he did see it. It wasn't enough to make him a full-fledged believer, though. "I'm still not sure if I believe in this stuff or not."

Goodwilling doesn't know what the pool had to do with the noises and the mist, but he thinks the spirit is probably unhappy about the walls that were torn out and the doors that were filled in when the club opened.

"Personally, I think the original owner was bound to the house after he died for whatever reason and was very unhappy about the changes that had been made when the university remodeled."

Three-Mile House

Although the March afternoon was mild, the basement of the Three-Mile House was cold and dark. The restaurant, which is three miles north of Edwardsville on Illinois Route 159, had been vacant since December when it closed.

Laura Elliot stood under the trap door in the basement and pointed upward. "I don't know how much truth there is to this, but there used to be a barber shop up there. When the farmers would be on their way back home from the stockyard in East St. Louis loaded down with gold, these barbers would supposedly get 'em in the chair, slit their throats, slip 'em down here and take their gold."

She pointed to her right. "Over there is where the main tunnel was. It was part of the underground railroad for slaves."

The Elliots were selling their haunted house. The family bought the 121-year-old home in November of 1974, turned it into a restaurant in September of 1975 and later added a lounge and a theatre. But, because business had been so poor, they could no longer afford to keep it open.

"The building is haunted and we love it. We really hate to let it go," Elliot said.

The family lived on the second floor of the house



Twelve ghosts live in the Three-Mile House in Edwardsville, Ill., a former resident said.

for five years and has had many encounters with the 12 ghosts that live with them.

"We used to have 13, but I didn't get along with one of them so I sent her away," Elliot said walking to the first floor.

She knew as soon as she first saw the house in November that it was haunted, she said. During her first tour of the home a brick dropped out of nowhere and landed on her foot as she was walking up the basement stairs.

In June of 1975, when the Elliots were still moving into the building, Laura said she was knocked down and lay unconscious in a walk-in cooler for about 10 minutes before her father found her.

"It wasn't really a feeling of someone touching me. It was more like an energy force throwing me down," the 21-year-old explained.

Then in January of 1976, the evil force struck again. It pushed her over the stairwell from the attic, but she was able to catch herself by placing a baby crib across the opening.

"I finally confronted her, and I don't know how I did it, but I really concentrated and she went away. As far as I know, I'm the only one that's ever really been mistreated by any spirit in this house."

The spirits like to play practical jokes, however.

"The first four years they wouldn't do anything in front of the customers, but then they began to have a little fun—moving tables, dumping drinks over and turning faucets on.

"One night a lady came up to Mom and said, 'Ma'm, I'd appreciate it if you will tell them to quit moving the china,'" Elliot said and glanced toward a corner of the still-furnished dining room.

Her mother explained the china was probably vibrating because of the machinery in the kitchen. But the customer insisted the china in the cabinet next to her table was being rearranged.

"So Mom went over there and sure enough, they had moved the china all over the cabinet. She told them to quit and they did. The lady was happy."

"I guess they like to have a good time just like anybody else though," she said, moving through a first-floor dining room towards the stairs to the second floor.

The second floor is now empty except for a few odds and ends the Elliots left when they moved. A stairway leads to the attic which housed the theatre. Elliot said most of the ghosts live up there.

One of the spirits is a beautiful, gentle, petite woman who lives in the basement, she said. The woman is the only spirit Elliot has seen. "Whenever I started to see an image of her, I just stopped concentrating because I don't want to see them. That would probably scare me."

A female spirit who lives in the attic distinguishes herself from the others with a sweet flowery scent that Elliot can't describe. "I just know its the best smell I've ever come across. If I could bottle it, I would. I would make a million."

Elliot said the spirit also has a beautiful voice because she has heard her singing. "It was all foreign to me. I couldn't understand it," she said. "Her voice really gave me a sense of warmth."

However, Elliot does not speak with the ghosts. She picks up their message through her mind and they, seemingly, do the the same, she said.

A seven-foot Negro slave acts as Elliot's bodyguard. She named him Tom and said she can tell when he's around. "I'll be sitting down and feel my shoulder lower, but it's like a gentle weight on me. He gives me a great sense of security.

"I've even taken them home with me before," she said now standing in the darkened abandoned theatre. "My husband will probably never forgive me for one time that I did."

"Usually he's not afraid of anything. If he's at home by himself at night, he turns all the lights off. He doesn't care. Well, one night I came home and every light in the trailer was on, the stereo, the TV—everything. He was sitting on the couch white as a ghost."

"He said, 'Get 'em outta' here.' I knew what he was talking about, but I said, 'Who, outta' where?,' and he said, 'They're in there playing with the doors.' About then I heard the bathroom door slam and I said, 'All right guys, cool it, and I'll take you home tomorrow,' she said and laughed."

On the way back to the second floor, she continued her tales. "My bedroom was down here and many a morning from about four to six, I'd hear somebody up here pacing back and forth. When I got up I'd ask Mom what Dad was doin' up in the attic all morning, and she'd remind me that he was at work all night and wouldn't be home for another hour."

"After a while it got so if you didn't hear them up there, you'd wonder what was wrong."

But the ghosts could be helpful at times, even if they did keep the Elliots up some nights.

"They would give you extra energy when you didn't have it. There's enough energy in this building that sometimes a lot of people won't come in. Some people have come in and turned right around and walked out."

When the Elliot's sell their house, the ghosts will be included at no extra cost.

"We really like them, but we can't take all of them to our little bitty house in town," Elliot said and chuckled.

Loretto Hilton Theatre

Stocky, blond Peter Blue stood looking out over the clouds of the Loretto Hilton Repertory Theatre on the campus of Webster College in Webster Groves. "Yeah, this is where he fell from," the soft-spoken lighting technician said. "I guess he was bolting something on here and slipped maybe, because you can tell these clouds are sturdy now."

"Kind of spooky, huh?"

Blue told the story of a worker who fell 40 feet from the catwalk above the clouds to the stage below while working on the construction of the building in 1966.

"The Loretto Hilton Ghost" is usually a well-behaved spirit, Blue said, except for a series of incidents in 1975 when Shakespeare's *Macbeth* was being performed.

"We had problems when we did the Scottish play by Shakespeare," Blue said. "I won't even say the name of it, but it starts with an 'M'. I'm real superstitious about it. He didn't like that play at all, and he tried to stop it."

During the four weeks the play ran, Blue said a fire broke out in the scene shop, the lead actor almost cracked open his head in an accident during one performance and people opened doors that they heard knocks on, only to find no one there.

And the lead actor's dog was also lost during the four weeks the show ran, but it showed up shortly after the play ended.

"That show has long been something of a superstitious thing. There's a lot of killing and premeditated murder in it," Blue explained.

At other times, actors have said they felt someone around them when no one visible was near them. One fellow claimed he nearly fell off the catwalk and a force pulled him up by the seat of his pants.

And the theatre's former technical director Jack Conant claimed he sometime got such a creepy feeling at times that he ran out of the theatre, Blue said.

Although Blue believes in the ghost, he said he isn't scared to walk the catwalks. "I think it's true, although nothing has happened to me."

"Knock on wood."

□ □ □

'I think it's true, although nothing has happened to me. Knock on wood.'

Other favorite St. Louis haunts

When it comes to haunted houses, the St. Louis area ranks as having some of the spookiest. Here's a list of some of the better-known haunts in the area.



Old Newstead Police Station:

The spirit of a prisoner who died in this second-floor holdover cell in west St. Louis used to create a scare with loud noises, but has calmed down since the station was remodeled into a private home.

Blair House, Lafayette Square:

After a series of unexplainable events, the owner of the 23-room mansion permitted local psychic investigators to conduct a seance. Even stranger things happened after that. Heavy doors slammed, massive draperies fell and chandeliers shook, and the owner vowed never to hold another seance.

Cupples House, West Pine:

The resident spook who reportedly crops up from time to time at this restored house and art museum is the original owner, Samuel Cupples, a former St. Louis businessman. Among other things, Cupples sold ax handles.

Museum of Science and Natural History:

Over the years, this restored mansion in Clayton has been the scene of mysterious flickering lights. Museum director Don Brazier said a hand once grabbed his shoulder, but no one was there. In recent years, all has been calm.

Eugene Field House and Toy Museum:

In the early 1930s a man who was working on the around the house on South Broadway Avenue had an attack and was stretched out on the grounds. Now every year the grass on that coffin-sized spot turns brown and then suddenly turns green.

Missouri Botanical Garden:

In 1959 when Henry Shaw's mausoleum was being restored the curator of outdoor plant materials, who was living on the grounds, was suddenly awakened by knocking at his door. No one was there. The man thought Shaw was unhappy because his rest was being disturbed. When the work on the grave site stopped, so did the knocking.

Brookings Hall:

One popular tale circulating the campus of Washington University is that Isabel Brookings walks the upper floor of the her home which is named for her philanthropist husband Robert.

Daniel Boone Home:

Legend has it that the ghost of ol' Dan's wife, Rebecca, rides the country roads near her historic home near De-fiance, Mo., with her head tucked underneath her arm.



Portfolio

Studio

Lala Anselmo, a theater major at SIUE, agreed to let photojournalism student Charlie Skaer photograph her as part of his class assignment. She chose several different sets of clothes ["not costumes"] to wear for the shooting. Along with the photographs are Lala's own descriptions of them.

Left: A salute to Robin Hood.

**Middle: A teeny-bopper
sees a punk rock star and
screams.**

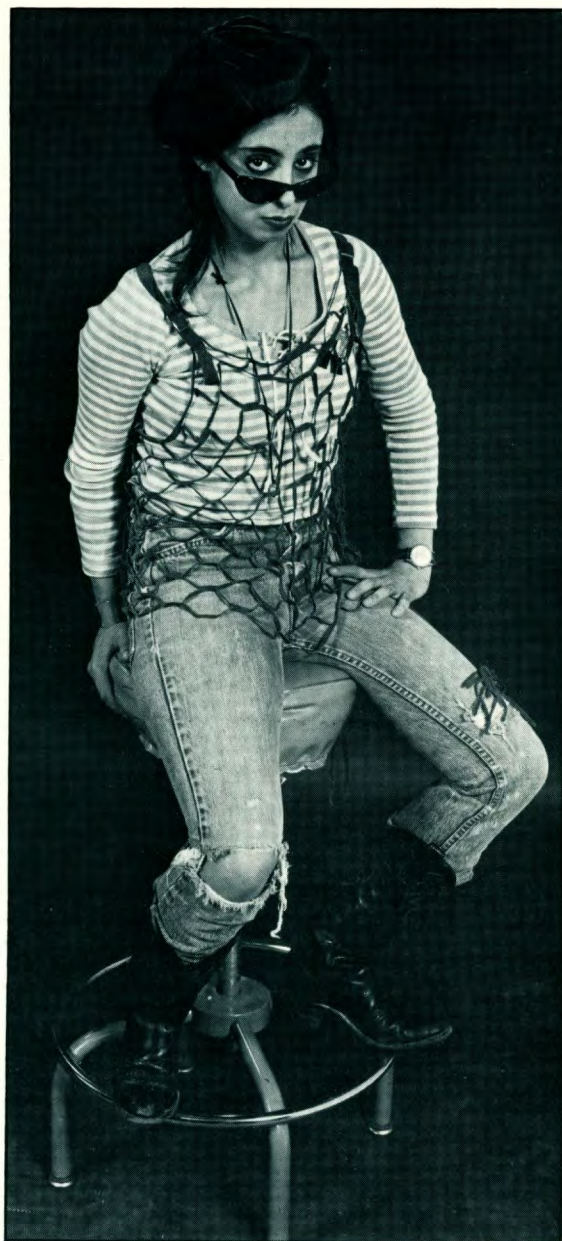
Right: Te amo.





Portfolio is a showcase for the work of both current and former SIUE photojournalism students. Portfolio runs for the next ten pages.





Portfolio

Studio

Above: Disgusting!
Above right: My nerves are shot.
Right: The director screams "cut."
Opposite page top: Help!
Opposite page left: I'm so sad.
Opposite page right: It's a take.

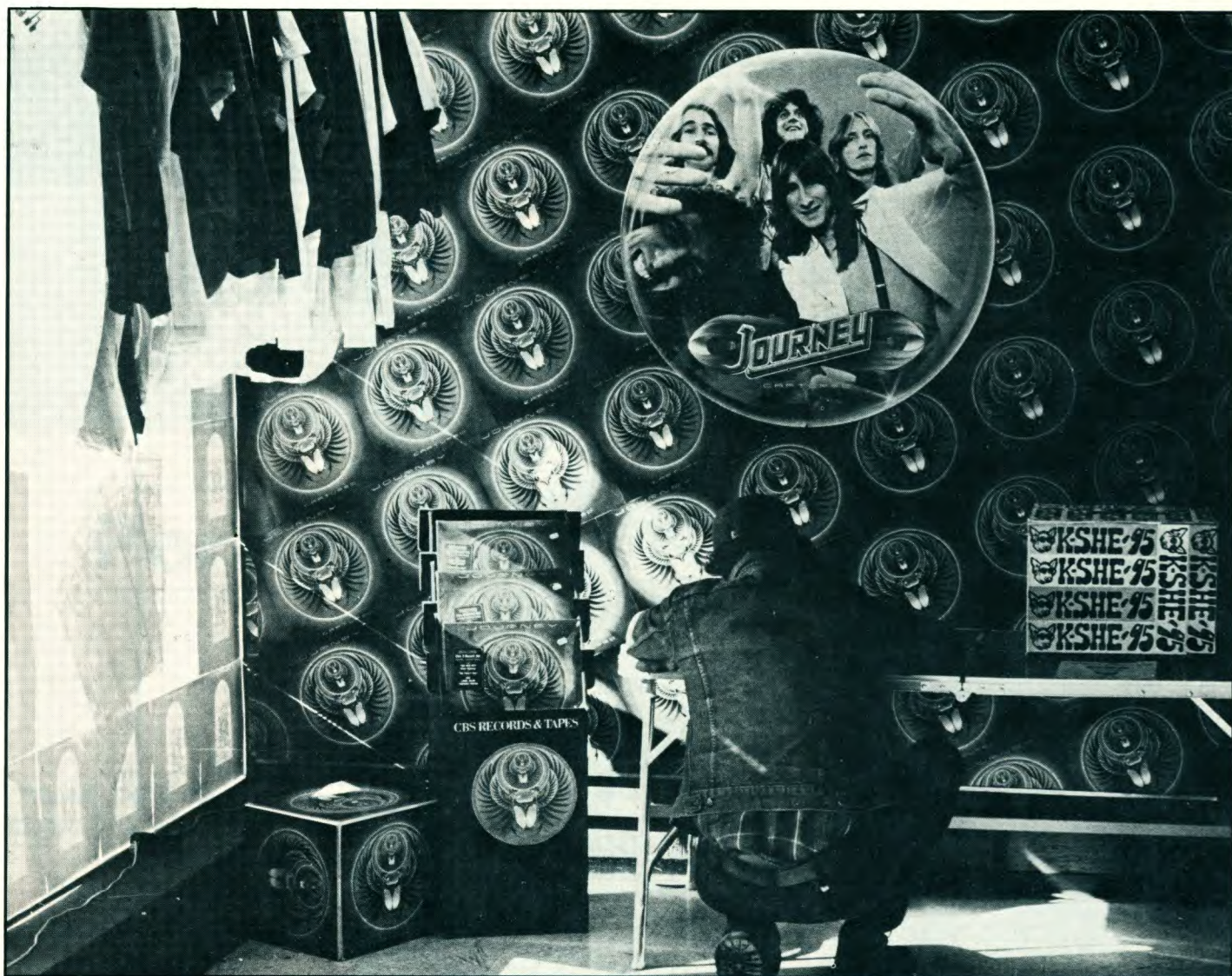




Portfolio

Hi-style Images

Photographs by
**Terry Mackin,
Robert Johnson,
Jr., Sue Ketten-
brink, and Scott
Cousins.**





Opposite page top:
As the riders in the
Tempest at the Wood
River Homecoming look
in one direction, the
operator looks in another.

Left: An employee
of Lane Duck Records in
Belleville puts up a
display for the rock group
Journey.

Above: A drummer,
Mike Mesey, plays at Fat
Cats.

Above: A ballet stu-
dent practices in the
Mass Communications
Building.

Right: A ride at the
Roxana Homecoming
swirls in the background.





Portfolio

People at Events

Left: Kathy Haywood, 13, of Florissant takes aim during an archery match at Buder Park.

Above: Bruce Nation shows off his winnings at the Roxana Homecoming.

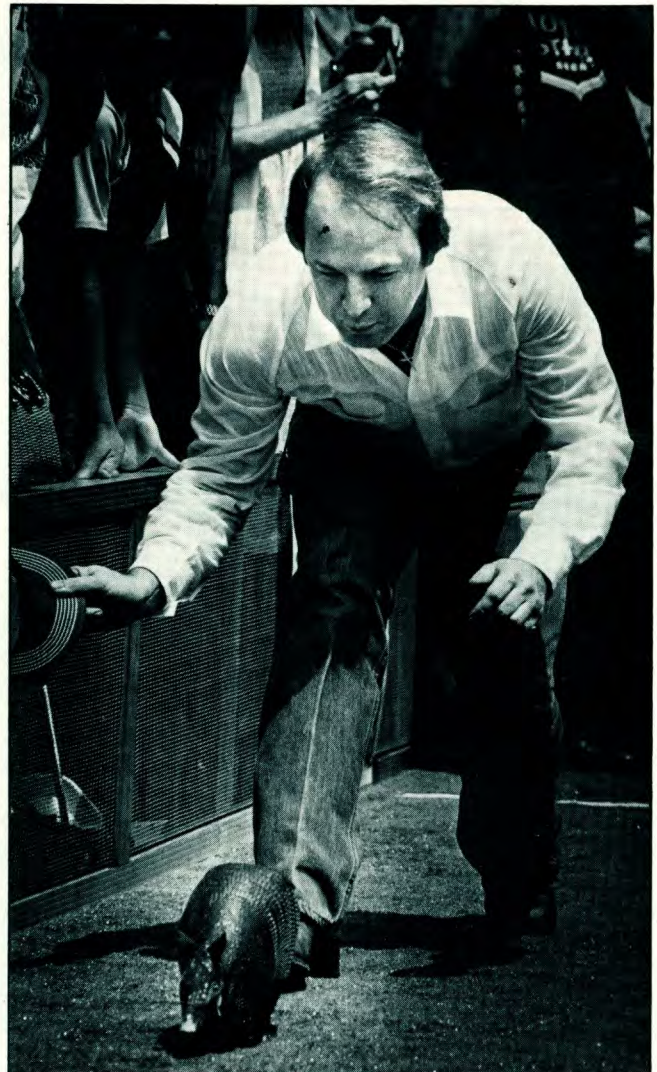
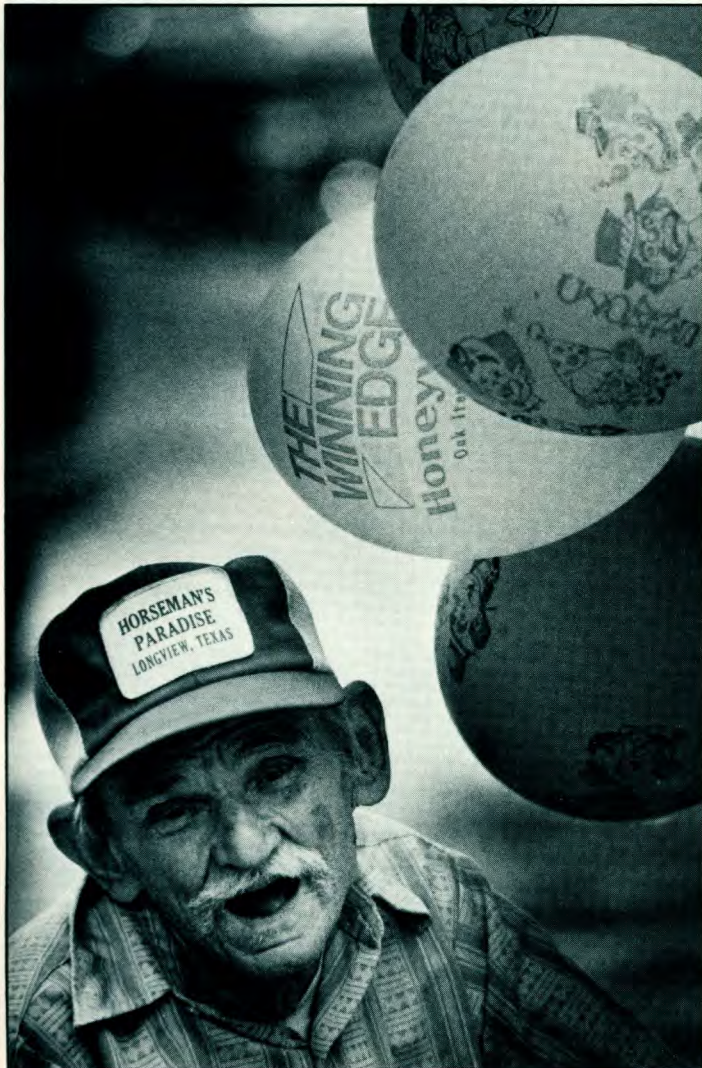
Opposite page left: A participant at the St. Louis Strassenfest with his display of balloons.

Opposite page right: Larry Connors cheers on an armadillo in the Great Armadillo Race in St. Louis.

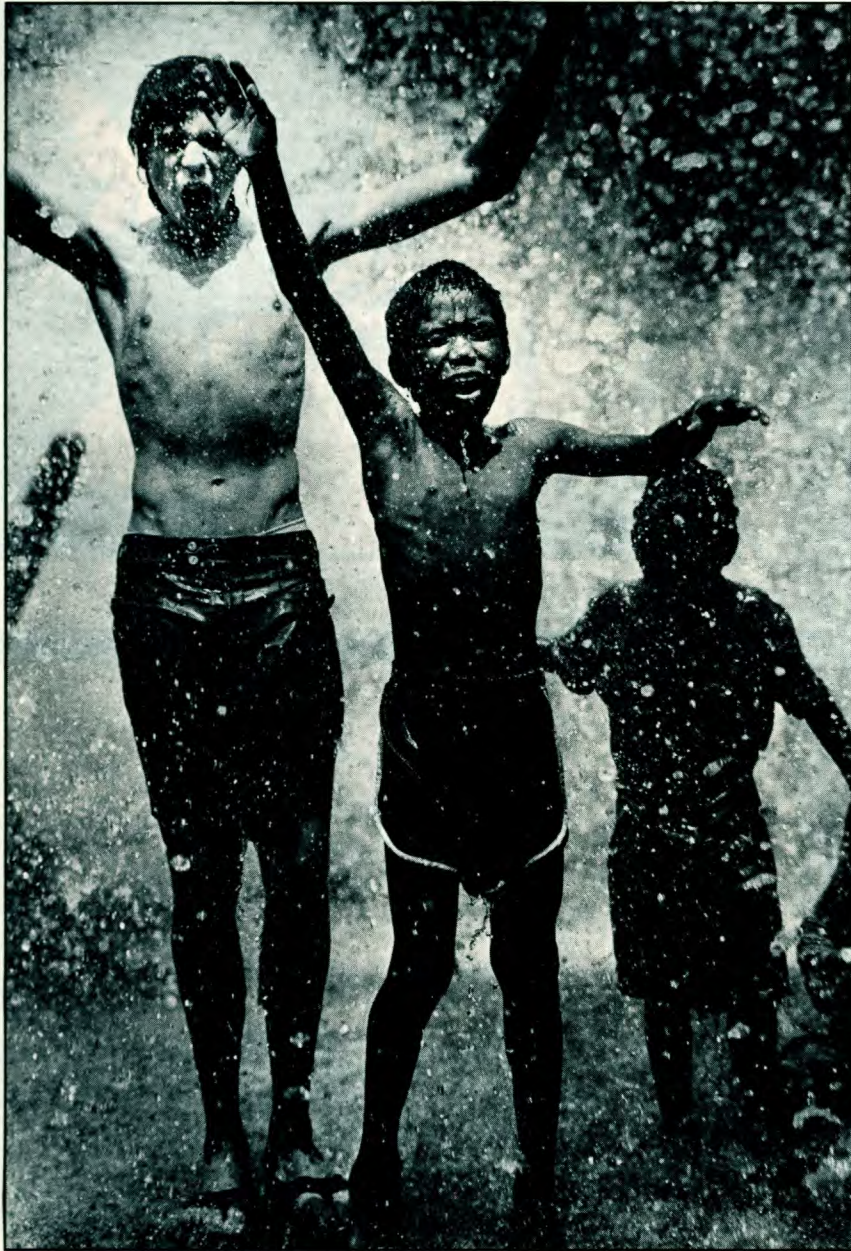
Opposite page top: Tony Svec, 4, searches for eggs at the Knights of Columbus Easter Egg Hunt in Belleville.



►
**Photographs
 by Scott Cousins, Ed
 Sedej, and Vic Svec.**







Portfolio

Scenes

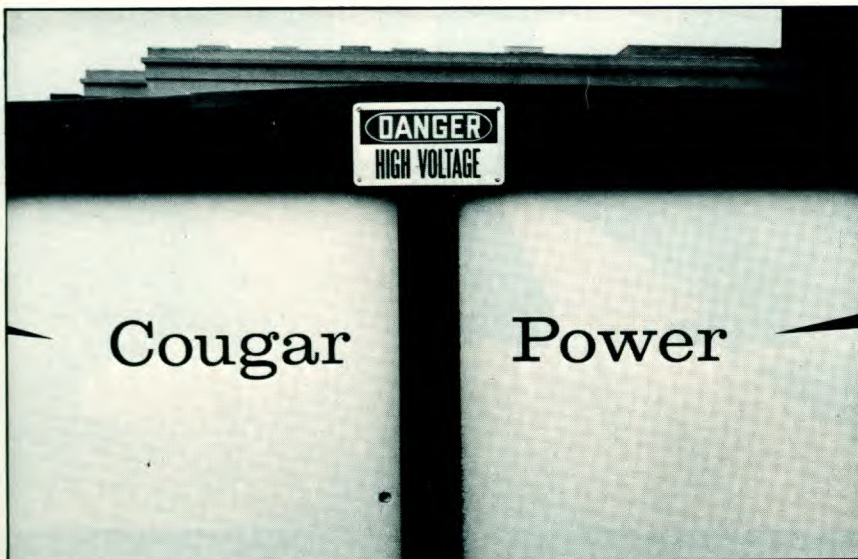
Two new wavers [top opposite page] pose for a photograph at Mr. A's in Belleville. Photograph by Mark Wakeford.

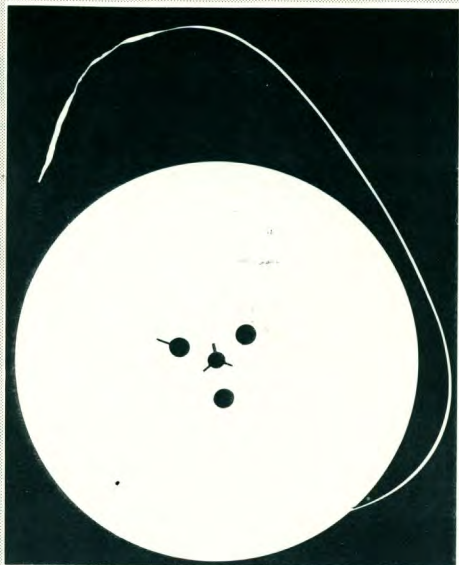
The Schnuck's balloon [opposite page bottom] molds into the skyline as it is being inflated. Photograph by Scott Cousins.

Several kids [left] find a way to cool off on a hot day. Photograph by Ed Sedej.

The SIUE Cougars' generator [below left] which sits outside the Mass Communications Building. Photograph by Robert Johnson, Jr.

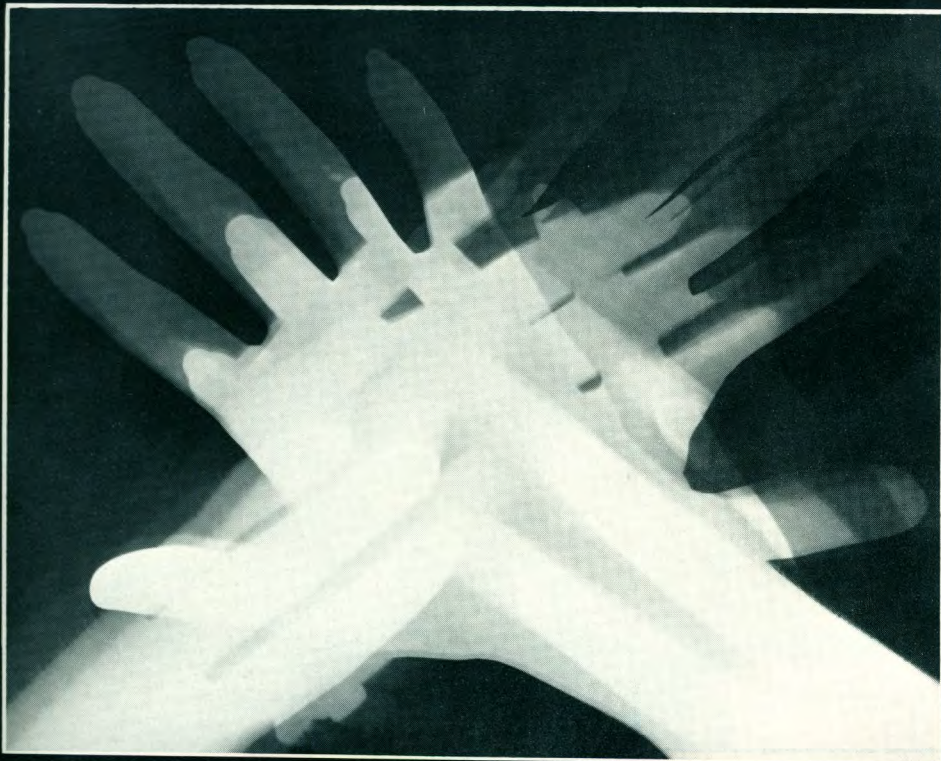
Patty Snyder of the East Alton Flames comes in after a hard fought inning. Photograph by Scott Cousins.





Portfolio

Photograms by Jim Cagle, Ed King, Charles Schwend, Cheryl Alsop, and Denise Panyik-Dale.



Photograms

These two pages contain six photograms done by students in photojournalism classes. A photogram is a print that is made without the use of a negative.

Heather McCammon's clown face [above] is the original photograph. The photograph on the left was made by painting developer on the paper while it was on the enlarger.



Ready, willing and able



to help his fellow man



Text and photographs by Teresa Gull

□ His two boutonnieres pinned to his shirt collar, his uneven, loose gait, and his crinkle-eyed smile make him easily identifiable in Edwardsville.

His appearance isn't what makes Marvin Webb, better known as "Preach," "Cat," or "Elvis," special to the people of Edwardsville. His generous heart, willingness to run errands and volunteer his services, and his good-natured, sunny disposition do make him one of the most popular people in town.

Preach has a learning disability but it doesn't keep him from being an important and needed person in the community.

Everyday he makes his rounds to the various offices, businesses and bars where he runs personal and business errands for people in exchange for a little pocket money. He takes very little time out from his rounds, choosing to eat a hasty lunch rather than miss the opportunity to be helpful.

Years ago Marvin Webb was given the nickname of Preach because he was always preaching to everybody. Preach likes to remind people not to forget their keys or lock their cars.

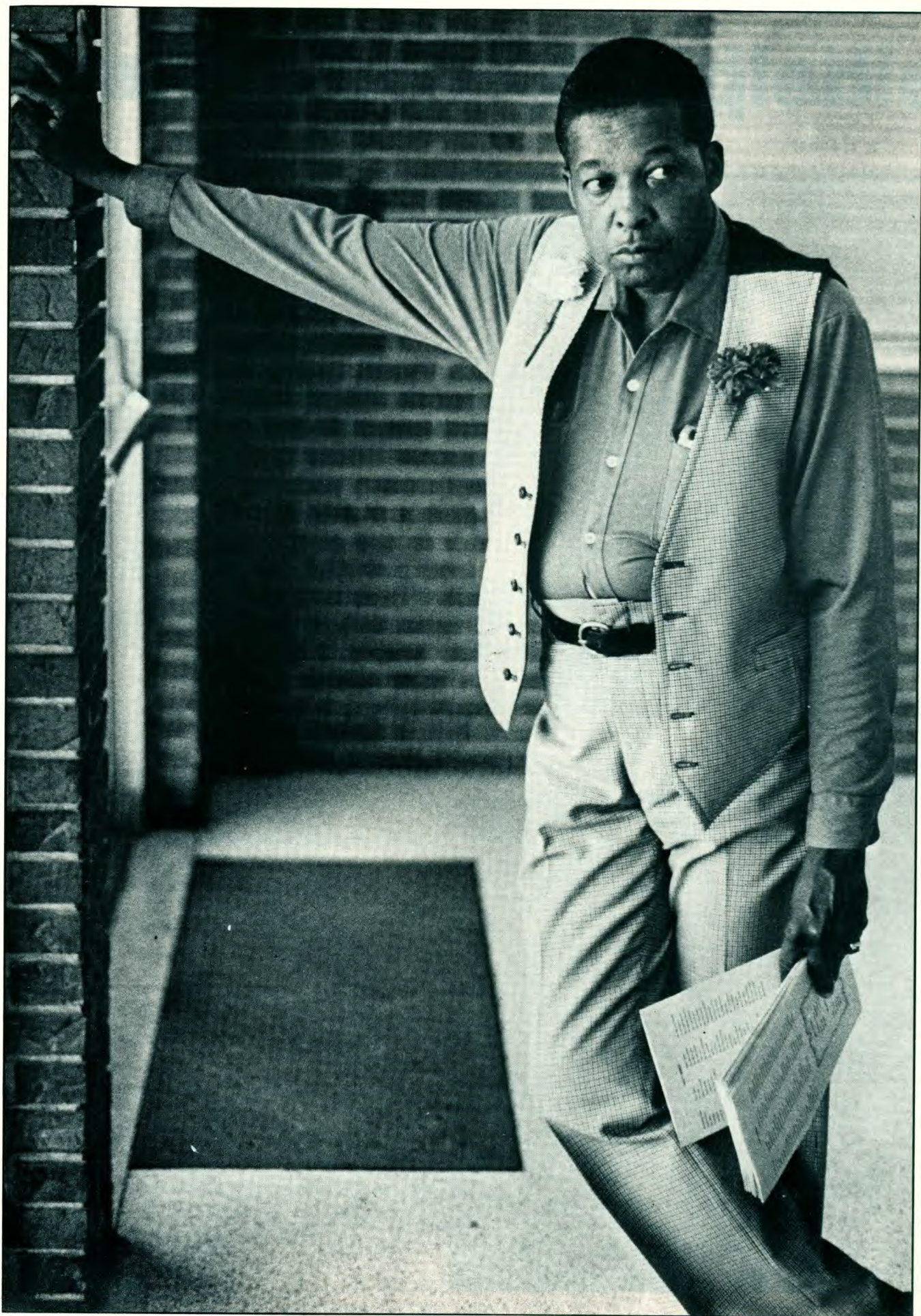
Because of his ability as a community watchdog a special police badge was issued to him by Bennett Dickmann, Edwardsville chief of police. Preach is not afraid to voice his authority and surprisingly people listen, even the high school kids.

He gave himself the nickname "Elvis" because of his great admiration for Elvis Presley. His admiration extends beyond the adopted nickname to imitations of Elvis' stances and rock-and-roll moves.

□ □ □

Preach is known by all the politicians and office workers at the Madison County Court House. He visits the various offices at least once a day.

Everyday Preach eats a hasty lunch at Schwartz Drugstore. His busy schedule limits the amount of time he allows himself for lunch.



People respond to his gentle preaching

He walks into the circuit clerk's office to see Willard "Butch" Portell, whom Preach calls Butch Hotel.

"Hi ya girls," he says to the secretaries, walking past their desks and into Portell's office.

Portell starts kidding Preach about stealing all of his girlfriends. Preach just laughs.

The county clerk's office run by Evelyn Bowles is another of Preach's favorite spots.

"Where's Mayor?" he asks the women in the office.

Mayor is Bowles. When she was running for the school board years ago, Preach thought she was running for mayor and started calling her by that title. The name remains even though Bowles never pursued the job of mayor.

One year when Bowles was running for county clerk Preach told the precinct workers that he wanted to vote for Mayor.

"You mean John Maeras?" they asked.

"No, he's running for sheriff," Preach replied. "I want to vote for Mayor."

Fortunately somebody came in to vote who knew that Preach's nickname for Evelyn Bowles was Mayor and he was able to cast his vote.

Preach runs various errands for the county clerk's office and Bowles says she has never hesitated to send important papers with him.

"He's trustworthy as can be," says Bowles. "There's not a mean bone in his body. He's never aggressive, never irritable."

□□□

Preach can't read nor write in the traditional sense of the words but he still sends memos to people and signs his name in registration books.

A few years ago Cassens had a drawing for a bright orange jacket. Preach entered the drawing along with many other hopeful people.

When it was time for the drawing the official drew out a name, looked at it and threw it away, saying it was a kid who had scribbled on the paper.

Somebody from Cassens looked at it however and

recognized the scribbblings as Preach's unique signature. Preach won the jacket.

□□□

Everyday Preach sports two boutonnieres pinned to his shirt collar. He receives one free and buys the other one for a quarter at A. Mirring Florists.

Diane Asselmeier, owner of the shop, says she suspects the tradition started one day when Preach was in the shop and someone pinned a broken flower to his collar.

"He never wants a daisy. He always wants a carnation or a rose," says Asselmeier. "He always brings his pin back everyday for his boutonniere."

Preach also runs errands for Asselmeier, like picking up clothes at the cleaners or going for her lunch.

Any flowers that can be hand-delivered within walking distance, Preach delivers for Asselmeier.

"I've never had any complaints from people not getting their orders," Asselmeier says.

□□□

When Preach turned 40 five years ago the employees of the Edwardsville Township threw him a party and invited many of the people who worked in the downtown area.

Preach was so busy running his errands that he kept leaving his own party.

Ironically, many of the people he was running errands for were attending Preach's birthday celebration.

□□□

Whenever there is a body at Mateer's Funeral Home, Preach makes sure he pays his respects.

"He's like a one-man visiting committee," says Fern Mateer, who with her husband Cleve operates the funeral home. "He'll come for everybody. It's fantastic. He has a special place in this world."

She says he also sets up and takes down the chairs for services, directs traffic for the funeral processions, delivers mail and runs other errands for her.

"Preach saves us a lot of steps," says Mateer. "We just couldn't do without him. He's a real jewel."

□□□

Preach is a caring person. If someone has a cold he brings them cough drops.

Diane Asselmeier said her nose was congested one day and she knew she sounded differently. No one in the shop had mentioned it to her however.

"Preach came in and I didn't say three words before he asked, 'Do you have a cold, ma'm.'"

Preach relaxes during a break at the Edwardsville High School graduation exercises in May. He serves as an usher at many of the high school events and was passing out programs at the graduation.

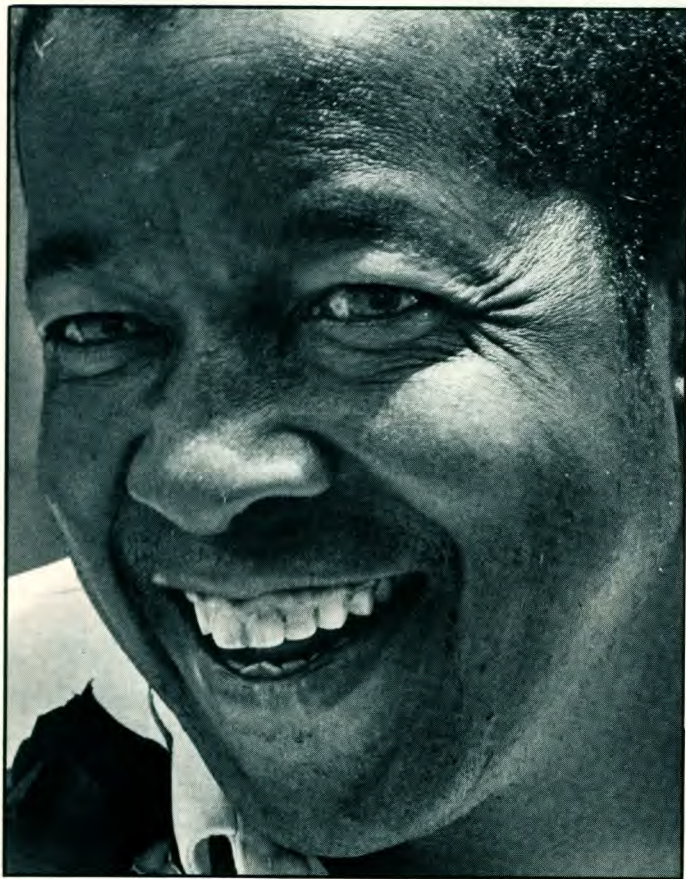
Below. Preach exchanges hugs with County Circuit Clerk Willard Portell.

Top. This photo catches Preach enjoying one of his favorite cigars. Bottom. Preach reveals his "crinkle-eyed" grin for the camera.

Far right. He hurries to complete one of his many errands in Edwardsville.



Hard work earns its own rewards



Helping hands make sweet, sweet music

Preach spends a lot of time walking up and down Main Street.

"Hi Preach," someone calls.

"Hi ma'm," Preach replies. Ma'm is Preach's standard name for all women when he doesn't know their names.

Somebody who Preach knows walks past without saying hi.

"Stuck-up," Preach kids.

Cars drive past and their occupants honk and wave. Preach smiles and waves back. Many of the drivers are in high school.

□ □ □

Preach will forever be in high school. All the high school kids know him, as he attends most of the events held at the school and serves as an usher or passes out programs.

At graduation he was at the door greeting people, handing out programs and directing the graduating seniors to the cafeteria.

"He's a pretty good" dude," said Becky

Carpenter, who graduated from Edwardsville High School this spring.

□ □ □

In the afternoon Preach usually settles down in the Edwardsville Township supervisor's office.

Throughout the day he runs various errands for this office and receives a paycheck at the end of the week.

Margaret Schlemer, an employee in the office, says Preach has grown a lot because of the responsibilities bestowed upon him.

"I haven't hesitated to trust him," says Schlemer.

Schlemer says Preach learns by association and knows people and places by these associations. For example Kriege Hardware is where the mailman works, Kentucky Fried Chicken is the Chicken Place and Myrna Albert, the other woman who works with Schlemer, is referee because her husband officiates basketball.

"We've tried to teach him to call people by their names to help him grow," says Schlemer.

Reporter reflects about Preach's story

Doing the personality feature about Preach was a learning experience for both of us.

For several days I was Preach's shadow. Everywhere he went I tagged along, camera in hand.

It was hard for Preach. At first whenever he saw the camera, he would strike his "Elvis" pose.

He'd throw one leg forward keeping it slightly bent. The other leg would be straight and hands would rest on his hips.

"No, no Preach," I would say. "Pretend I'm not here. Don't pay any attention to me. Be yourself."

Then if he thought somebody else was going to be in the picture, he'd ask them to move.

"She's taking pictures of ME. The girl from IU."

Soon, however, Preach forgot the camera was there. He returned to the man I wanted to capture with camera and words—the real Preach.

It wasn't easy following Preach around either. At first I felt I was imposing on Preach and the people he visited. I also found that I had to let people get to know me so that they didn't think I was using Preach. Edwardsville would have thrown up a protective net around him if they had thought he was being ill-treated.

After they accepted me they were more than willing to talk about Preach. They went out of their way to help me, as they knew the attention Preach was receiving was making him happy. They loved Preach. It was obvious. And Preach loved them.

It wasn't long before Preach's special gift was visible, even to me, a relative stranger.

We were outside walking along Main Street, and a piece of dirt settled on my contact. One eye started tearing, hurting so badly I couldn't open it up.

Preach came up to me, put his arm around my shoulder and asked, "Ma'm are you okay? Can I help?"

I was touched. In all the years I've worn contact lenses I've had very few people worry about my occasional bouts with polluted eyes. And the usual reaction from people is embarrassment.

But here was Preach ready to supply aid and comfort to a relative stranger.

It is easy to see why Preach holds such a special place in the hearts of the people of Edwardsville. And just between you and me, an uninvolved, objective journalist, Preach has my vote any day.



Preach makes sure the bells ring out every Sunday at Mount Joy Missionary Baptist Church. Preach's caring ways begin with close ties to the small Baptist Church where this picture was taken.

Every Sunday at Mount Joy Missionary Baptist Church Preach rings the church bells. He then attends Sunday School and church.

"He never misses. I never remember his missing Sunday School," says Rae Donald, a member of the church who has known Preach all of his life.

Donald also says that Preach carries out the trash every Thursday, clears the walks of snow and helps out for funerals.

"People kind of depend on him," says Donald. "He's just a nice person."

Preach lives with his parents but the whole town watches and cares for his welfare. They care about Preach just like Preach cares about them.

"I think if there is one thing that would really upset Edwardsville it would be if somebody tried to hurt him," says Margaret Schlemer. "He's a part of the town."

And Edwardsville just wouldn't be the same without Preach's crinkle-eyed smile cheering the streets. □□□□

SIU 1961



In 1961 the school was officially known as the Southwestern Illinois Campus. It consisted of buildings at the Alton campus [Upper right], which is now the School of Dental Medicine, and facilities at East St. Louis. Students [Opposite page] walk out of one of the classroom buildings at Alton. The Edwardsville campus was nonexistent, except on scale models [Right]. Most of the land was being used for agriculture [Below].

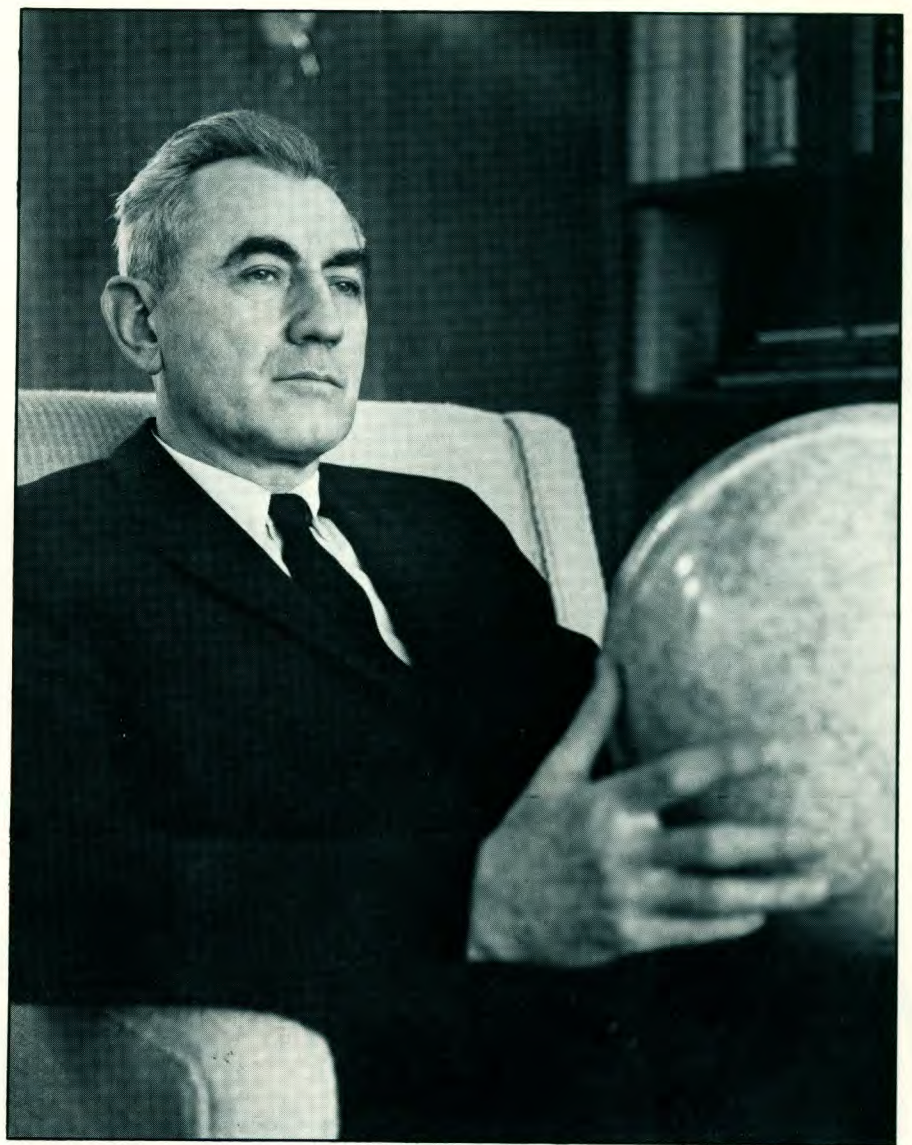




SIU 1961

Short-sleeved shirts and short-cropped hair were the student fashions in 1961 [Bottom]. In a photograph taken shortly before he left on a world tour, then-President Delyte W. Morris posed in a suit which typified the academic world [Right].

All photographs taken from SIUE Photo Service files.





The Edwardsville campus [Far Left] was barren, except for some farmhouses used as offices, but some people [Below] were able to find other things to do besides go to class. The total enrollment for 1961 was 4,317 students, mostly part-time. Then Alestle editor Dianne Bowker [Left] takes time out from her work for a smile.





SIU 1961

For Dorothy Ull and her escort Fred Haines [Above], 1961 was a year of formality. Ull was elected fall homecoming queen of the Alton campus. For several members of the student government [Left], a winter retreat at Pere Marquette State Park provided more informal fun.



Focus

on Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville

Focus is a pictorial quarterly magazine produced by journalism students at Southern Illinois University at Edwardsville.

Now in its tenth year Focus is a laboratory publication produced from journalism courses in reporting, photography and publication design. Design, layout and graphic arts work came from Journalism 303b. Photographers were enrolled in beginning (210a), intermediate (210b) and advanced (482) courses.

Focus provides pictorial coverage of the campus, as well as in-depth, human interest and investigative stories. Students set all type on a Compugraphic Editwriter 7500 in the editing facilities of the journalism program and do most of the camera-ready pasteup of the pages.

Focus is eight times regional Sigma Delta Chi (SDX) best college magazine. In 1973 it was named the best in the nation.

Our contributors:

Kathy Hill, a sophomore majoring in journalism from Jerseyville, Ill., wrote her in-depth story about Leonard Van Camp in Jrnl. 201a for a final reporting project.

Teresa Gull, a junior majoring in journalism from Dubuque, Iowa, photographed and wrote about Marvin Webb in Jrnl. 210a as part of a photojournalism assignment.

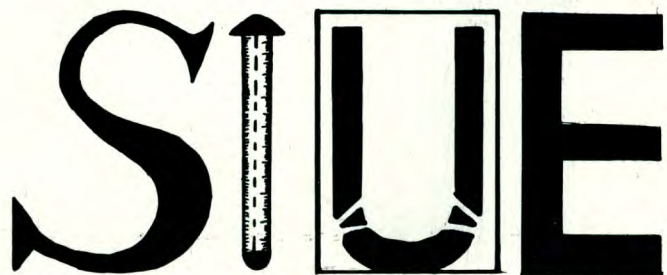
Steve Mainer of Godfrey, Ill., graduated in June 1981 with a major in journalism and is now a copy editor for the Orange Leader in Orange, Texas.

He spent three months researching and writing his story about haunted houses for an advanced reporting class. "Before I wrote the story I was somewhat skeptical of the subject, because I really didn't believe in haunted houses. But, now I think twice when people talk about spooks," Mainer says.

Paul Schankman from St. Louis, a senior majoring in journalism, wrote his in-depth story about Dungeons and Dragons in Jrnl. 481.

Ed Sedej of Granite City, Ill., graduated in August 1981 with a major in journalism. He produced his portfolio shots while interning at United Press International in St. Louis.

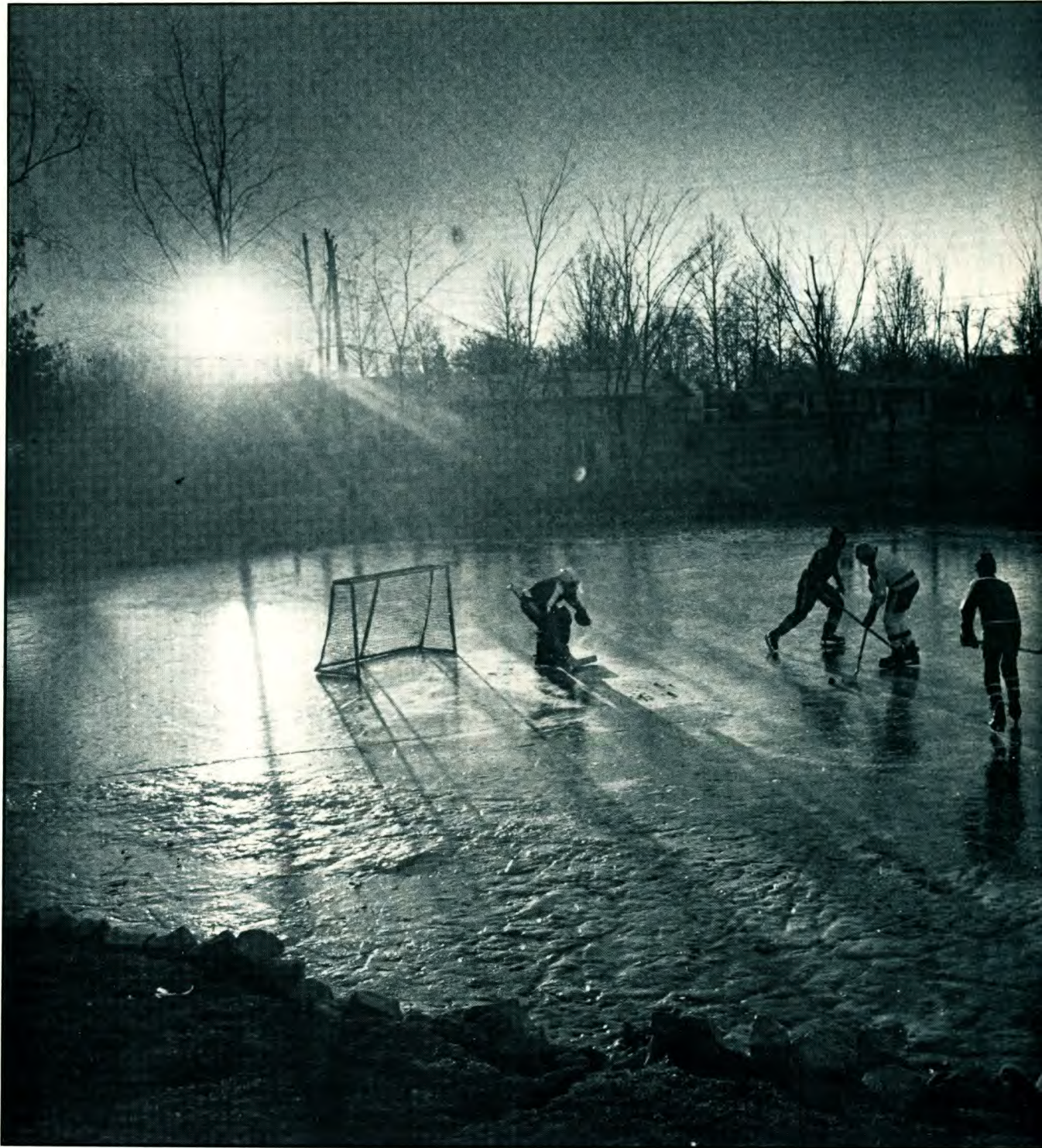
The internship gave him the opportunity to photograph professional sports which is something he always wanted to do. "In the past I could never get that much access to photographing professional teams. I think UPI gave me some good experience for that aspect of photojournalism," Sedej says.



Design logo by Robert Johnson, Jr.

This issue of Focus magazine was edited by Scott Cousins, Steve Korte, Barbara Langhorst, Robert Lowes, Connie Mueller, David Porterfield and Barbara Theodorow.

Winter quarter cools off



Devoted hockey players always keep their spirits thawed for chilling winter

enrollment and devotion



Story by Gloria Aylward

SIUE is not the place to be during winter.

A friend, Debbie Rami, said it best. "You've really got to want an education to go to SIUE in the winter. It takes strong motivation."

Debbie spent eight winters at SIUE with her shoulders hunched against the Nordic blasts and her face hidden under the layers of her scarf, before she got her masters degree in psychology in 1977.

"It seems as if everything is harder in the winter," she said. "On top of all the pressure of school, students have to deal with the winter blahs and cabin fever."

Statistics show that each year from 500 to 700 students lose their incentive sometime between fall and winter quarter. That's the number of students who don't return after Christmas break.

□□□

Ed Soliday, director of admissions and records, said, "There is normally a drop off from fall to winter quarter, but I'm not sure we can blame it on the weather.

"Students have all sorts of reasons for not coming back. Many students are freshmen who decided they just weren't cut out for school. Some people have financial problems. And I suppose some students don't like the cold weather," Soliday said.

□□□

We may not know why students avoid winter quarter, but I heard some good reasons for sticking it out.

days. Photograph by Mark Wakeford.



Eleanor Neiman, a junior majoring in English, said, "It beats staying home and washing dishes all day."

And a frequent answer was "because my mom makes me."

Graduation in March or June is always a good motivational factor.

□□□

And then there's my mother's philosophy that anything is worth twice its inherent value if you have to suffer for it.

However, motivation can easily go out the window when a cold, gray day is interrupted by a cheery letter from Houston where it's 70 degrees and the trees are still green.

In February Kaisa Cole, a former SIUE winter-sufferer, wrote me from Houston and said she wasn't missing winter at all. Her sunshine attitude made me want to hibernate, migrate or do anything that would take me away for the cold, windy walks across our colorless campus.

Being at SIUE is only half the battle. The winter quarter motto seems to be, "I just can't get into this quarter."

Sarah Skelly, a senior English major, for instance dropped two of her four classes.

"I was sick over Christmas and I just can't shake this damn flu. I just don't seem to

have the energy for school. I'm supposed to translate about 150 lines of Latin each night. I'm lucky to get six done."

Judy Gerlach, a graduate student in education, takes a class each quarter except during the winter term. "I just can't face those long drives in all that bad weather."

In the first two weeks of winter I finally made use of the pass-fail option in a do-it-yourself shorthand class. By the fourth week I dropped it. And the grades for our first English quiz were dismal. Dr. Stella Revard, our instructor, said not to worry because grades in the 70s weren't too bad.

The weather is cold, everyone has got a cold or the flu and we just don't have the energy to make an effort. In this case help is spelled s-p-r-i-n-g.

□□□

But face it, class is not the place to be in April. Forcing yourself indoors on a sunny day when it's 65 degrees outside is hard. Studying is harder. You hear students explaining that they "just can't get into this quarter."

The statistics show that fewer students re-enroll for spring quarter. Maybe winter is just too much for them. Or maybe the weather is just a convenient excuse. ■■■



Signs always get frosted by winter's bite. Photograph by Keith Schopp.

Defrost the winter blahs

Story by Richard Pierce

In the beginning, the snowfall began. It was blown softly by a weak wind.

The community or at least part of it was taken unaware. No stocking caps, no mufflers, no snow tires, no windshield scrapers, no boots and no heavy coats.

At first it was exhilarating, a typical response to a change of the seasons. But as the snow fell the thermometer dropped, the ice came and a subtle shift came over the commuters.

Already drained from the trip on slick, snow-covered highways, they resigned themselves to the task of dealing with another Illinois winter. One commuter was overheard quoting Robert Service:

*I have closed and clinched with the
frozen north,
I have learned to defy and defend,
Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it
out,
Yet the wild must win in the end.*

□□□

By mid-January the mobilization appeared complete. Stocking caps appeared, snow tires showed up and heavy coats insulated commuters in the subzero weather.

Still, winter took a heavy toll. The first frostbite victims began frequenting Health Service. People huddled up at the pedestrian crossings, yielding to speeders unable to stop on the slick pavement. Wreckers strained commuter budgets. The few brave persons who snuck into the blue and green lots always found a pretty pink parking slip tucked under their windshield.

Some people slipped on the sidewalks and nursed broken wrists for the remainder of the quarter. Other people only suffered chapped cheeks.

□□□

Now winter is on the wane. The snow comes but it will not last. Twenty degree days are sandwiched between 60 degree days. The snow turns to slush and then it is gone.

And now while memories of winter remain fresh, it is time to do something about next winter.

Here are a few suggestions:

● *Erect a warmup shack halfway between the parking lots and the buildings with free whiskey and coffee.*

● *Provide hand warmers to help thaw numb fingers.*

● *Build a day-care center at the northwest end of the parking lots next to the mountain of snow. The children could play "King of the Hill" to prepare them for the rigors of the family alma mater.*

□□□

In the meantime, remember winter when the spring rains drench you, when the March winds blow papers out of your hands, when the sun burns you and when your friends all go out and you have to stay home and study on a hot summer evening.

Remember how it was, consider how it is and you'll wish how it was.

And now once more with feeling:

*I have closed and clinched with the
frozen north,
I have learned to defy and defend,
Shoulder to shoulder we have fought it
out,
Yet the wild must win in the end.*

■ ■ ■

**Yes,
the games
kids play**



The back page



**Then there are
games adults play**

Top photograph by Mark Wakeford,
bottom by Ed Sedej